THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856.

{ Established August 4, 1821.
{ Whole Number Issued 1806.

Original Poetry.

BARBARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

The wind is pulling the morn's red veil
With all his breath through the walnut boughs,
And Barbara, with her cedar pail,
Comes to the meadow to call the cows.

"The little people that live in the air
Are not for my human hands to wrong,"
Says Barbara, and her loving prayer
Takes them up as it goes along—

Toward where the mill is, small and white,
Rising like a vapor among the rocks,
Good spirits say to her, day and night,
"Barbara, Barbara, keep with your flocks!"

Gay sings the miller, and Barbara's mouth
Purses with echoes it will not repeat,
And the rose in her cheek has a May-day's growth,
In the line that ends with "I love you, sweet!"

Never a thought about braver mills'
Of prouder lovers your dreaming cease!
A world is shut in among these hills—
Stay in it, Barbara, stay for your peace!

Stay for the treasures you have to keep—
Cherish the love that you know is true;
Though stars may shine in the tears you weep,
They never will come out of Heaven to you

And were you to follow the violet veins
Over the hills to the ends of the earth,
Barbara, what would you get for your pains,
More than your true love's love is worth?

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."
—Shakspeare.

"Do we, indeed, desire the dead
Should still be near us—at our side?
Is there no better way we would bide?
No lower vileness that we dread?

"Shall be for whose applause we strove,
We had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And we be lessened in his love?" —Tennyson.

CHAPTER I.

It was an angular room, with low ceilings and bare rafters. The windows were small, and draped with slight muslin curtains, through which glimmered a blue vision of the sea. The mantel-shelf, quaintly high, was decorated at each end with an enormous marine shell, and a rare, antique vase of delicate spring flowers, for it was pleasant, capricious spring, although on the wide hearth still burned the cheerful wood fire that had blazed there all the long winter, a trifle less bright perhaps than in the season of snows, but hissing and singing as joyously as ever.

At this hearth-side sat a young girl, and pacing restlessly up and down the room, was another figure, on which the warm, ruddy fire-glow fell flickeringly.

"Rachel," at last, it said, "speak! give me my answer!"

The red blood mounted to the girl's temples, as with something very like bitter calmness, she replied at last:

"Poor as I am, Mr. Ogilvie, and rich as you are, I will not marry you! In the eyes of God we are not equal! You put no faith in the divine tradition of His birth among men; you do not believe in Him; I cannot—I *will not* marry an Atheist!"

"And yet you love me, Rachel?"

The words were nothing; it was the tone, the voice of manly but partially restrained feeling, that gave them a solemn emphasis, which thrilled the girl's very soul.

"I do—indeed I do. I love you with my whole heart," she said.

"And I—is *my* love nothing? Is it a weak, trifling thing, to be cast aside and trampled on?"

"Oh, you will recover from the wound," she cried, with a dash of characteristic spirit.

"So you think now. It is the fashion for women to scorn man's capacity and constancy of loving. Perhaps they themselves are not constituted to understand either. For myself, I love with all the sincerity of which I am capable—never before have I so loved; never can I so love again! I have no friend, no country, no God, but you!"

"Do not say so! Do not utter such dreadful words! I will not hear them!"

She rose to leave him, but Mr. Ogilvie caught her hand in his. And seeing how wild, how despairing, how defiant was the expression of his face, she did not struggle to free it. She dared not!

"Rachel! what shall be the conditions? May months, years of patient servitude win you? May charities—the bestowal of half my fortune, bring me nearer your God and you?"

"No, Mr. Ogilvie!"

She answered his fiery gaze with all external appearance of inward calm. Every trace of emotion had passed away from her pale, statuesque features.

"Speak, then. Tell me *what* I must do, for, Rachel, *I love you!*"

"Oh, Mr. Ogilvie, do not say that again! do not give either of us useless pain! I am, sir, but farmer's daughter. I am poor and low-born; I am not even beautiful. I know nothing of the world or its usages, but I do know I should sin in marrying a godless man. And surely you know that charity is nothing, unless the heart is with it; never, on such alms, rests God's approbation!"

Again she tried to leave the room, and again a firm but gentle grasp prevented.

"You shall not go, Rachel, and you *shall* listen to me. Sit down. What! trembling, my poor child? Be not afraid; I will not harm you. Look at me, Rachel; examine me well. Am I of peaceable appearance, gentle, or at all lamb-like? Am I handsome? am I young?"

She merely raised her eyes fearfully towards him, but did not attempt to answer such strange questioning.

"Speak!" he ejaculated, testily.

"No, sir!" fell in simplicity from the girl's lips.

"Good! then tell me why you love me. If I am rough, ugly, and past meridian age, tell me why you love me?"

"I do not know, sir, perhaps because I cannot help it," she said, with the least shadow of a smile, but immediately returning again to the gravity of manner that was either habitual or natural with her.

"Yes, child, so it is. It was your destiny to love me. Now, if you believe in God, you must also believe that all Fates are of His ordering; thus, then, you oppose the will of One whom you profess to worship when you refuse me. Do not shake your head,—this is no specious argument. Oh, Rachel, who can tell what I may become if you cast me away? Desperation may lead me to tread in sinful paths, where bad as I am, as I know myself to be, I have not trod. Do not act rashly. I beg of you consider—take days, weeks to ponder over your decision. I feel that I am not half worthy of you, *but I love you*, love you with a fire and energy your girl's heart cannot even imagine. Rachel, a man's love is a strong, terrible thing; as different from a woman's, as far above it in intensity and endurance, as the sun is superior to the moon,—beware how you trifle with it."

There was, for this young girl, an indescribable fascination in all Freeland Ogilvie said. The changing expression of his features, the very vehemence with which he spoke, bewildered while they charmed. And well he knew it! As for her, she was but eighteen, yet her hereditary strength of character gave her power to elude and escape the spell.

"May I leave you now, sir?" she ventured to ask, after a slight pause.

"Why *will* you insist on going? Why are you so curiously anxious to be rid of me? Have you not just said that you loved me?"

He had suddenly calmed, and was looking at her apparently unmoved. But to Rachel Ollo, she who for years had secretly studied his character, and was now able to recognise it in all its phases—to her, to whom every change in his face was a history, this calmness spoke of a stern sorrow, and an awakening iron will, more terrible than aught else. The girl's eyes fell beneath the steadfastness of this unflinching gaze.

"Rachel," he at length said, seating himself as he spoke on the old fashioned sofa, occupying a recess of the simple farm house parlor, "Rachel, come sit beside me for a moment, I have something to say to you." A faint smile, a sad but beautiful smile passed over his face, as, passively, she obeyed; and now she could not have resisted had she so chosen—this man's will seemed her law.

"Rachel, the first taste of true happiness I have ever known has been in this farm-house. I do not wish to conceal from you that I have led a very wrong, and consequently an unsatisfactory life; you have probably already guessed as much. By my own standard of goodness, which to you seems so poor, I have been a bad man. All that might have ennobled my humanity, until now I have perversely avoided; you are the loadstar that is drawing me back to virtue, you, the first woman whom I have ever loved. Do you refuse your duty—your destiny, to labor for my unworthy soul? Do you desire to thrust me back upon myself, when it is before you to bring me from darkness into marvellous light? Look! your path lies straight and clear! No man will ever love you more than I! My very soul is beneath your feet, trample on it if you will,—crush it down to humiliating dust. Child, child, how is it that you, so weak, so puny, so young, should sway my fate?" Mr. Ogilvie started up and paced the room. A fierce light burned in his eyes, but their glittering glances, as they shone fitfully through his shaggy, overhanging brows, seemed fixed on vacancy. Faster and faster grew his walk, until he became momentarily oblivious of his surroundings. Once or twice he paused, looked silently from the windows with staring, fixed gaze, and then resumed his singular promenade. The girl thought to take advantage of his evident preoccupation, and noiselessly glided toward the door. Already the knob was in her hand—it began to yield—freedom was before her, when very quietly, and without a glance in the direction where she stood, Mr. Ogilvie said silently, "Come back, Rachel."

She obeyed, too nervous for independent action. She thought him going deranged,—never before had she seen him thus. Tremblingly she took a seat near the door. Perhaps something in her face, her attitude spoke her fear. He read it with one look.

"Poor little child, I have frightened you,—did you think me mad?"

Although she did not answer, he seemed to have found a revelation of her thoughts in her open, undeceitful face.

"Ah, Rachel," he put forth, reproachfully, "you are wrong. Hark! what was that?"

A flood of delicious music, soft, throaty music filled the small apartment. A bird sat perched on the sill of the open window, singing as though his little heart would break, yet more for joy than sorrow. In a moment he was gone.

Mr. Ogilvie again turned towards Rachel, and said eagerly,

"I will *prove* my sanenes to you!" With impulsive haste he caught a sheet of paper from the table, and resting it against the wall, wrote. There was an inspiration in those kindling eyes which Rachel, girl as she was, and inexperienced in everything but the sweet, gentle ways of her opening womanhood, could not but see and feel. She ceased thinking of herself, she even forgot her premeditated flight, and with clasped hands and wonder-parted lips watched the quick, nervous dashes of her lover's pencil. The strength, the beauty of his Double Life, his Spiritual Vitality, animated his large features, and gave them a radiance almost akin to glory.

He ceased writing, and in a not unmusical voice Mr. Ogilvie read aloud this sonnet on

THE CREATION OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Echo, a nymph of brown, fantastic beauty,
One eve sat idling at a fountain's side,
And, heedless of the sounds that far and wide
Called on her voice to do its wild, sweet duty,
She leaned her head against a mossy steep,
Closed her bright eyes wearily, and—went to sleep!
As punishment for this most dire offence,
The gods sent down a bird of matchless song,
Who, perched the neighboring forest-trees among,
Sang as no earthly bird e'er warbled thence.
Woke from her dreams, the nymph, with startled air,
Rubbed with her hand her sleep-bewildered eyes,
Then tried in vain to imitate these cries,
And stood rebuked, in mute, forlorn despair.

"Is it good—does it please you?" he questioned, when he had finished reading.

"Yes," she answered, sadly.

This strange scene, and this wild improvisation caused her uncontrollable alarm.

"See how cool I am," continued Mr. Ogilvie, smiling. "Were I mad could I write—could I—" he started, for the bird sang again at the open casement.

Beyond, a scene of wondrous beauty met the eye. Through the ruggedly graceful trees, giants which the dews of centuries had nourished, the sea sparkled like living fire. Sails moving peacefully onward, dotted its surface with their relieving whiteness; while on the opposite shore, which was distinctly visible, towered the great hills, the glorious blue hills of ——, high waves dashing with the roar of a hungry lion over their eternal feet.

Mr. Ogilvie looked languidly forth. When he turned from the window, Rachel stood on the threshold of the open door. He did not attempt to follow or recall her, but simply seated himself where last she had sat, and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER II.

Once in her own room, Rachel's power of silent endurance gave way. She flung herself passionately on her bed, and wept tears of agony.

For months, nay, for years, had love for this man grown and strengthened in her heart. She knew him to be worldly, Godless, yet she could not steel herself against him. The original goodness of his nature, his fascinations of speech, and latterly his kindness to herself, when she had so much needed kindness, more than at any other time of her life, each and all combined to make her regard him differently from the rest of her few friends. She had not resisted this passion as she might; until that day she had never dreamed that he loved *her*. She had supposed that her affection was both unknown and unreturned; had she imagined that it was not the vain, unrepaid thing she thought it, she would have striven, with all the strength of her being, to cast it from her. For she knew in her secret soul that no woman could expect happiness, in this world or in the next, who united her life to that of Freeland Ogilvie.

Three weeks before, Rachel's mother had died in that very room, after a long, lingering illness. In a little grave-yard, on the road that led from Maplehurst, (Rachel could see its white head-stones from her window,) Mrs. Ollo slept at last, in perfect, unbroken peace.

On the morrow Rachel was to go from Maplehurst, and begin the first actual labor of her life, hitherto a dim, aimless stagnation. She was to be a teacher. Some friends had secured for her a place in a village school, a few miles distant, and it had been arranged that the next day she was to bid a long farewell to the place of her birth.

This fact, however, added no weight to her sorrow. She had never liked Maplehurst. It was one of those desolate villages which so abound in the State of New Jersey, displaying scarcely any fertility of soil or natural vegetation. It had ever seemed to Rachel both dreary and monotonous. Although it had always been her home, it was too barren, too solemn to excite the love of natures like her own.

With pulses throbbing, and eyes aching from long weeping, she at last rose to open the windows for fresh air. She drew aside the curtains, lifted the sash, and looked forth. The sun was just setting, red and hazy, over the sea. The waves dashed forward on the shore, alternately white with froth, and golden in the reflected rays of the departing sunshine. The long shadows of the pine trees that dotted the sloping bank grew purple and intenser every moment, until, as the sun sank below the water level, they were lost in the calm twilight. A ship, a solitary ship, floated out towards the main. Very drearily Rachel watched its tall spires and white sails, moving majestically through the gathering gloom. Years after, she could recall even the sea-gull that hovered over it. When it was gone, she covered her face and again wept, in her tears finding blessed relief.

She heard no one approach, from without, but soon a voice uttered her name close at her side. She knew it but too well, therefore she did not look up or remove her hands from her face.

"Poor child," it said, compassionately, "how much useless suffering you cause yourself!"

"It is *not* useless," she said, rising, "all suffering purifies."

"Granted, but it is useless in another sense, little Rachel, and you will prove it so yourself."

Mr. Ogilvie bent down until his rugged face nearly touched that of his companion.

"It is useless, inasmuch as you will yield."

"Never!" she passionately ejaculated.

The half smile on his mocking lip irritated her.

"I may love you all my life, Freeland Ogilvie, but I will never marry you!"

"Do you really think so?" he asked composedly.

She did not reply.

His tone was confident, even defiant. After a pause, during which he surveyed her countenance with cool minuteness, he added, in a careless tone—

"Love like mine is omnipotent. You shall see what wonderful things it can bring to pass."

His manner, more than his words, maddened her. The slight power of self-control that she still possessed, broke down at this. Her face burned, her person unconsciously dilated. She stepped forth on the piazza, (the windows reached to the floor,) and coldly confronted him, scarcely feeling the same being that she had been but an hour before.

"Mr. Ogilvie," Rachel began, "when you told me to-day that you loved me, although my sense of right warned me to beware, my affection for you was so strong, I dared to hope that some day I should be free to love you. I thought you might in the future be led to acknowledge your Creator, so that if you still wished it, I could become your wife. But *now*, I feel, yes, I *feel*, for the idea has come to me instinctively, that such expectation is in vain. I shall die before it is realized. All that remains then is mutual forgetfulness."

Mr. Ogilvie did not seem in the least moved, and it was evident she had calculated wrongly on the effect of her words.

"Yes," he said, presently, "you are right, Rachel, I shall never change. For me there will never be such a being as God; but do not think *that* shall be a bar between us. Do not imagine it for one single moment. I tell you it shall not be!"

His vehemence grew alarming.

"At least," she hotly answered, "you cannot *compel* my choice. Thank Heaven, I know my own heart."

"Not as well as *I* know it," was the prompt reply. "You are brave, you are self-reliant, Rachel, but you are also a true woman, dependent on your affections for happiness. You cannot do without me!"

"We shall see."

"Yes, Rachel, yes—as you say, we shall see. I will not plead for your love—I shall not even ask it; *but you will give it to me.*"

"Never—never!"

"You are really pretty when you are in a passion. Your eyes gleam—your pale cheeks redden, your lips tremble, and—what, weeping again! Poor child—poor child!"

She did try to repress the starting tears, but cried bitterly, from very excess of wounded, insulted feeling.

He looked down upon her with repentant tenderness.

"Why do you struggle so, my child—why do you strive to break away from a power stronger than yourself. You will but chafe against the bars—you cannot escape. I have you, and I hold you; you are mine for all time. Attempt to free yourself as you will, *you are mine!* No one shall come between us, and live. Mine, mine entirely!"

He gathered her, unresisting, to him. He pressed passionate kisses over her forehead and eyes. She seemed to feel herself drawn, gently but irresistibly, to follow his will. His strong arms were around her in an embrace she could not repel. A strange sense of peace filled her soul, it was a sensation of complete, serene repose.

Rachel Ollo was mastered.

A few instants he held her thus. Her tears ceased, the half-broken sobs she attempted in vain to repress, were the only sounds that disturbed the silence. The twilight was deepening rapidly. Above and around them fell the beautiful dusky glooms of evening.

"Rachel!" he said, softly.

Never before had the name so vibrated on the girl's ear. She thought she heard it moving sound by sound, fainter and fainter, into eternal space.

"Rachel," he repeated; and this time she looked answeringly upward, through the shadows, to the face that was bent over her own.

"Tell me what sprite, what sort of thing this is I hold in my arms. A while ago it was all fire and passion; defiance flashed on me from its fierce eyes—the very eyes now looking so calmly in my own. Ah, Rachel, Rachel, said I not that true love is omnipotent?"

She did not speak.

"Rachel, my Rachel, nowhere in the wide world can you find such love as that with which I endow you. You are rich—rich beyond any other woman. My whole being is centred in you. Let me do something for you, Rachel, some good great deed, worthy of my love and yours. You will let me, will not you? Speak, child, speak! What shall it be?"

"I ask nothing of you," she murmured, "but to live for me."

Strange answer; and how at variance with the last words she had uttered! What was it? What power had coerced her will?

Again he looked down upon her face. She did not see him, but she knew it, and through the wild beating of her own heart, she heard him draw a long sigh of intense relief; then folding her closer, almost crushing her in his vast embrace, he said,

"I am content."

They went in together. It was springtime, as I have said; yet a small fire burned brightly on the hearth of the little parlor. Rachel's two maiden aunts, Janet and Alice Hawthorne, who had been with her since her mother's death, were now in the room; Alice, an old lady of sixty-five, quietly knitting at a corner of the fireplace—the other, Janet, busied with the simple tea arrangement. The table, half spread, stood in the centre of the room.

"Ah, Rachel," cheerfully cried the latter, as she entered, followed by Mr. Ogilvie, whose suave brow slightly contracted at the sight of the two old ladies; "ah, Rachel, see how thy last evening at Maplehurst is to be honored. We are going to have tea in the parlor!"

"And I am to be an invited guest, am I not, Miss Janet?" gaily asked Mr. Ogilvie, wisely banishing his vexation.

"Humph! I don't know about that. It is just as Rachel says. It is her last night. She shall have her own way for once."

"Sister," quoth old Alice, from her corner, "thee knows the child *always* has had her way. Her poor dear mother who's past and gone, entirely gave in to her. 'Twas a great pity."

"Well, well," cried Janet, goodhumoredly, "she is going to-morrow; let her take a little comfort while she can. Yes, it shall be as Rachel says."

"Then I stay," said Mr. Ogilvie, half smiling, as he looked, meaningly, at Rachel across the table.

"Thee had better not be too sure," put forth Alice, again; "the girl does not like thee over well."

"Oh, aunt, let him stay if he choose."

"I do choose, most decidedly," Mr. Ogilvie said, holding his large hands before the cheerful blaze of the fire, "and especially as I see Miss Janet has one of her famous custards on the list of edibles."

"Better drop the 'Miss,' I think," she said complacently, as she laid the plates; "the fewer words the better. Rachel, close those shutters. This spring wind is blustry enough to shake the house itself."

Mr. Ogilvie quietly put Rachel aside, fastened the shutters himself, and drawing a chair to the fire, silently motioned her towards it. Fearful of attracting attention, she dared not but obey. He then brought another, and despite her mute entreaty, seated himself at her side.

"Ah!" he sighed with satisfaction, as he noted the red streams of fire, "ah, Miss Janet, my bachelor establishment will seem dreary enough, when I go back to it to-night."

"Why not marry?" laconically demanded Alice.

"I am really thinking of it."

"I hope thee will get a good wife," said Janet, lingering around the table to give the last finishing touches. "Rachel, thee must cure thyself of that bad habit of moving so uneasily in thy chair."

"I hope so too," Mr. Ogilvie said, half abstractedly.

"Will it be soon?" Old Alice Hawthorne laid down her knitting with the question. It was an unusual action, and proved her to be greatly interested in the conversation.

"Soon? Well, yes, I think so. However, as I do not know positively, you had better ask Rachel!"

"Rachel!" cried both the aunts, in a duett of astonishment. Janet paused with a plate of fragrant yellow butter in one hand, and a dish of blackberry jelly in the other, to survey her niece, who felt herself coloring violently.

"Yes, yes," Alice said, "that's why he shut the windows for her!" and without another word she fell to knitting again, as though it was quite a settled matter.

"Rachel!" began Janet Hawthorne, with indignant warmth, "why did thee not tell me of this before?"

"Tell you what, dear aunt?"

"Come, don't thee play innocence now. Why did thee not tell me thee was to be the wife of Freeland Ogilvie?"

Rachel was silent. She knew not what to say; and besides Mr. Ogilvie sat there relishing the scene as something so keenly enjoyable, rubbing his hands, leaning over the fire to hide his too evident satisfaction, and finally laughing outright, that, as may be supposed, her embarrassment increased.

"I did not think this of thee, Rachel," continued her aunt. "Have I not always been kind to thee? Have I not cared for thee as my own child? I say again, I did not think this of thee."

"Ingratitude is the way of the world," was Alice's consolation. "I hope thee will make a better wife than thy girlhood would seem to promise."

"Hush, sister," commanded Janet, briskly; "the child has deported herself well enough, excepting about this concealment, and that I cannot pardon."

The bright tears stood in her eyes, and at the sight Rachel forgot her own annoyance altogether. She went to the sweet old lady, she put her two arms around her neck, and whispering how lately acquired the secret was, kissed her wrinkled cheek again and again.

Then she returned to her seat by him, who, henceforth, was master of her fate. She did not shrink back when he took her hand, and gently drew her towards him. She was too happy, too content, to dream of rebellion, as by the subdued fire-light he smoothed her hair from her forehead.

"Yes," he whispered, putting her away with a half sigh and a whole smile, "she is sincere. The change is sudden—so sudden I thought at first some elf had spirited her off, and sent Rachel number two in her stead. She will do, yes, she will do."

Half inaudibly as he spoke, Alice must have caught some portion of his words, for she said, testily,

"'Tis a good thing the child goes away to-morrow, Janet, take my word for it."

"She is *not* going away," Mr. Ogilvie said, as coolly as though uttering a very commonplace remark.

"Why not?" Rachel asked, suddenly facing him.

"Because, to-morrow, you will become my wife."

He scarcely stirred from his position, and did not even raise his eyes, which were fixed dreamily on the fire.

"And pray, do you take my consent to this arrangement as a matter of course?" she demanded, her pale face flushing.

"Rachel!"

"Am I a stone, without sense or feeling, that my destiny is so completely without my control?" she continued indignantly. "I will not become your wife to-morrow, Mr. Ogilvie. You are mistaken; and I *do* go to school."

"It is you who are mistaken, Rachel."

"Not a bit of it. I never was more in the right in my life."

"Take care—do not tempt me to try my power."

"Power! I defy it," she said, recklessly.

He smiled, but never took his eyes from the fire. It was a calm, glittering smile, and aroused all the proud rebellion in Rachel's naturally passionate temperament.

"We shall see," she exclaimed defiantly.

"Ah, Rachel," he said, with the security of expected triumph, "you uttered those words once before to-day, do you remember them?"

She did, but too well. Janet had lit the lamps, however, and was now bidding them come to tea, so she answered not. Nevertheless, her resolve was taken.

The evening passed rapidly and pleasantly away. The discussion on the next day's probable events was not renewed. Since the calamity which necessitated Rachel's departure from her old home, she had experienced all the bitterness of utter desolation. The contrast—this excess of happiness, was almost more than she could endure. She had passed too suddenly from extreme to extreme, and she trembled lest her new-found peace should take to itself wings and flee away, so unreal did it seem. Conscience, lulled for the time, deluded perhaps, reproached her not.

The moment for parting came at last. Mr. Ogilvie had long been a favorite with both Janet and Alice Hawthorne; like Rachel, they had lost sight of his many faults and eccentricities, being blinded by a fascination which none knew better how to exercise effectively than he. It was evident they did not look unfavorably on the turn their niece's personal affairs had taken, and when at the old hall door he bade her and them "good night!" and bending, left a sudden kiss on Rachel's forehead, impudently whispering the one word "*to-morrow*," they did not chide, much as the act must have offended their Quaker ideas of propriety.

Rachel stood on the piazza and listened for the last echo of his feet, as he took his way towards the lights of the village—for her home was just without the suburbs of Maplehurst. Then she re-entered the little parlor. It was late. The fire burned low; the hearth was strewn with fading embers. Alice was putting up her work; Janet replacing the furniture in its accustomed position for the night.

"Aunt Alice, aunt Janet," she said, quickly, standing in perplexed uneasiness before them, "I must pack my trunk to-night."

"Then thou really art going?" questioned Janet Hawthorne, peering at the girl over her spectacles.

"There's plenty time to get ready to-morrow," curtly remarked Alice; "to bed now, my child."

"But I desire to start very early in the morning, instead of the afternoon, as it was settled," Rachel remonstrated, half blushing beneath a very severe and curious scrutiny.

"Very early in the morning," repeated her aunt Alice, significantly. "What! and see no one before thee goes?" with peculiar accent on the "*no one.*"

"That is just it," she said, desperately, "I wish to leave here at sunrise, and as you express it, auntie, 'see no one.'"

"Rachel is right!" now cried her aunt Janet, seemingly satisfied with a close investigation of her niece's face. "I like her spirit. Thee would not care to be compelled into matrimony thyself, before thee was ready, Alice, I fancy. Yes, Rachel, thee can start as airly as thee pleases; so now to packing, I will help thee."

Thus it was arranged. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

There is a light around her brow,
A glory in her star-like eyes,
Which shows, though wandering earthward now,
Her spirit's home is in the skies. —Moore.

From the day of Vivia's visit, Theodora's health, spirits and circumstances improved.

Her once desolate attic chamber, made more comfortable and attractive by a few touches of Vivia's magic hand, and placed under a more hopeful light, assumed a new and cheerful aspect. And yet there had been only a few trifling changes wrought, one or two additions made, and some animating characteristics pointed out; a little trouble taken to make possible improvements, and then a looking upon the brighter side—that was all. Theodora's garret possessed some original good qualities as a basis for improvement; it was high and dry, weather-proof, and commanding a most extensive, magnificent and beautiful landscape of mountain and valley scenery. It was capable of being well warmed in winter, and well ventilated in summer. The bare and sloping walls were white, the uncarpeted floor was clean, and the windows clear and stainless. The furniture consisted of a cot bedstead, with its narrow mattrass and single pillow and scanty covering, and of the oaken chest that contained Theodora's small stock of second-hand clothing, and always stood under the south gable window, as a sort of seat, or as a table, according to the owner's need. Thus that chest contrived more than "a double debt to pay," for it performed the threefold duties of wardrobe, chair and desk. This was the condition of things when Vivia volunteered to assist Theodora in arranging this attic, which I hope I may be excused for thus minutely describing, inasmuch as it was the constant home of the orphan and studio of the artist for many long years, or until she was eighteen.

A little white quilt and valance, graciously bestowed by Mrs. Throgmorton, gave the small cot bedstead quite a neat appearance. A little table, with a drawer, disinterred from heaps of rubbish, in another room, and brought and set beside the south window, covered with a white cloth, and ornamented with a small hanging mirror, flanked by two card board boxes, formed a tolerable dressing-stand. White cambric curtains, made from an old skirt of Rose Garland, shaded the two windows. A little three-cornered washstand and two chairs, extricated from the lumber room, and polished up for service, completed the new additions of furniture.

And the broad ledge of the north window afforded Theodora a convenient drawing and reading desk; in one corner of which was piled up her little stock of drawing materials, and in the other her small library, consisting of a pocket Bible, Goldsmith's Natural History, Tooke's Heathen Mythology, Butler's Lives of the Saints, and the Arabian Nights. All precious relics of her mother, with the exception of the last mentioned, which was a premium gained at school.

Here, all day long, the neglected, but studious, enthusiastic child sat alone and worked with her needle or with her beloved pencil, or read or dreamed, never interrupted, unless she happened to forget the dinner hour, and some impatient servant came running up to call her, and afterwards to scold her all the way down stairs. But Mrs. Throgmorton, who was an orderly housekeeper, put a stop to that by giving directions that she should not be called, saying that if Theodora did not appear with the other members of the family when they sat down to the table, she

*dinner time and dinner, to teach her the lesson of punctuality. And after that it frequently happened that Theodora, reading or drawing, or sewing and dreaming—these two last-mentioned processes always going on together—forgot all about her meals until hunger and faintness reminded her of them; and upon these occasions, when she went below, she invariably found that the table had been cleared, and everything from I put away some hours before. Then she would go into the kitchen, where she found a friend in old Pharaoh, who always had, from his own resources, a large apple or a roasted sweet potato, or something of the sort, saved up for her, and this amply satisfied her wants until supper time. For, whether it be true, as has been said, that genius is naturally ascetic, or whether that feebleness of her organization and imperfection of her external senses, to which I have before adverted, rendered her indifferent to luxury, I do not know; but certainly Theodora was singularly abstemious, literally eating only to live, content with an apple, a crust, anything that would stop the importunate craving of nature, that drew her mind away from the subject of its rapt contemplation.

One of Theodora's greatest troubles was the wearing out of her pencils and the giving out of her paper, and the difficulty of procuring a new supply. This she considered a very great deprivation indeed, though, in point of fact, it was not an evil, but rather a good, as the scarcity and frequent exhaustion of her materials prevented her from wearying herself, and kept her enthusiasm ever green and fresh.

Second only to her passionate love of art was her love of books. Her little stock of books had been read once, and only once; she was not one to wear out any volume, however well beloved, with frequent perusal; she never cared to read any work through a second time; a creative mind seldom does; such a mind draws from one book at one reading all the ideas homogenial to its own nurture and growth, and then goes on with insatiate hunger to find fresh food from other sources. So Theodora, in those intervals of time, when her pencil remained idle for the want of paper, or else her paper blank for the want of a pencil, read everything that she could lay hands on.

I have once described the library of Mount Storm as it existed in the days of the late Colonel Malmaison. It occupied, you may remember, the central passage of the second story, the walls of which were lined alternately with family pictures and well-filled bookcases. It remained unaltered in all respects.

Theodora passed this passage many times a day in going to and fro between her garret and the lower part of the house. At first, and for many weeks, she only looked longingly at the bookcases; finally unable any longer to resist the daily and almost hourly temptation, she trespassed upon the collection—opened a bookcase, selected a volume of Cook's Voyages, and carried it off to her roost to devour—yes! that is the word, for that afternoon the book was read, and the next morning it was exchanged for another, which was read before night, and replaced by a third. And so in the course of a week, Theodora got through a dozen or more volumes of miscellaneous literature; when Vivia suddenly appeared, bringing a couple of pencils and a roll of paper.

Then the star of art was in the ascendant for two or three weeks, until the drawing materials being exhausted, the library became again the daily resource.

I should hesitate to tell you what scores of volumes upon all subjects—arts, science, literature, belleslettres, this young girl waded through. What though she did not understand all that she read?—the zest, the excitement she felt in pursuing some unattained, dimly perceived ideas would carry her through formidable volumes of dry metaphysics or drier theology. She read everything—all was "grist" that came to her intellectual "mill"—that is to say, all with a few exceptions; for though the whole library was open to her, and no one interfered to restrain or direct her choice of books—yet that fine, moral instinct that was nature's compensation to her for a feeble frame and imperfect senses, made her a delicate discerner of spirits in books as well as in people, and she invariably closed and replaced any volume accidentally opened, which a careful mother would have kept from her knowledge. In those days illustrated works were not nearly so numerous as they are now; therefore it was very seldom that Theodora found in her researches among the books a good engraving, and when she did, it was an epoch in her history—and the print was copied with great zeal, to the best of her ability. The first sight of any new picture was an event of intense interest to her.

One day Rose Garland received a present of a book—it was the Atlantic Souvenir for 182–, a great book in its day, though that especial number, elegant as it was then considered to be, would make but a sorry figure among the superb annuals of our time. However, when this souvenir arrived in the mail-bag from Eyrie, and was taken out at the breakfast-table and handed to Rose, its rightful owner, and when she had emancipated it from the wrappers, and displayed its beauty to the eyes of all the family circle, all epithets of admiration were exhausted in declaring its praises, as it was passed from hand to hand.

Theodora, fascinated by the beauty of the book, and the inconceivable and unknown treasures that she fancied must be hidden within such richly promising covers—hovered around the outside of the circle, peeping under their arms, or standing on tip-toe and peering over their shoulders. In so doing she caught only tantalizing glimpses of the illustrations, that were much more beautiful engravings than she had ever seen before—and oh! such an intense longing to get hold of that book, and gaze her fill upon those enchanting pictures, seized her heart! Talk of love at first sight! I do not believe that any one human being ever fell more desperately in love with another, than Theodora did with that wonderful book; her passionate desire to see it quite overcame her natural timidity and habitual reserve, and she pulled gently at the skirts of Rose Garland, Mrs. Throgmorton, or the doctor, exclaiming almost piteously—

"Oh, *please* let me see, too! oh! *do* just let me look at that beautiful picture of the sea a minute! Oh, my! what a lovely lady! Oh! do please just let me see her one minute. Oh, dear! what a charming lake with hills and trees all round it! Oh, please don't turn it over yet!—oh, oh, what sweet children! oh, *do* let me look! oh, please—"

But though in her excitement she danced softly up and down, and pattered around with her little feet, and pulled gently at their garments, no one paid any other attention to her either in the way of encouragement or reproof than to say—"Don't be troublesome, child," or "Get out of the way, Theodora." And at last when they were all done looking at the marvellous book, Rose shut it up and carried it off to her own room; whither Theodora, drawn by an irresistible attraction, followed her.

"Cousin Rose! cousin Rose!"

"Well, what?"

"Oh, *please* let me look at the beautiful book!"

"Fiddle-de-dee! do you think I am going to trust you with *this* book? You must be crazy, child."

"Oh, for goodness sake, pray do; I would be so careful of it."

"I shan't! there!"

"Well won't you please to show me the pictures in it—*close*, so that I can see them; you know I'm near-sighted."

"I haven't got time now. Maybe I may some of these days. There, don't bother me now, child."

And Rose shut the door of her chamber, leaving Theodora standing without in the library passage, with a strangely disappointed, baffled, starving sensation. Talk of being crossed in love! if ever in her after life, Theodora experienced such a fantastical mishap, it is my deliberate conviction that it was not so serious a cross as this one she had just encountered.

Theodora never got another sight of that book, and Rose Garland had cheated the pride of her collection out of its most appreciating admirer.

As the season advanced, the visits of Vivia to Mount Storm became more frequent, and the life of the solitary little enthusiast grew proportionately brighter. Almost every Friday evening Vivia would make her appearance at the door of Theodora's elevated domicil, and there she would often find the girl at the north window, perched upon a chair, in any other than a graceful attitude, with her work before her on the ledge of the window, and her face bent down low over it, so absorbed in drawing as to be totally unconscious of the approach of Vivia, until that bright creature touched and smiled upon her; then with a sudden, joyful start, Theodora would spring up and throw herself in the arms of her angel.

Vivia was also gladly welcomed by the family at Mount Storm. I do not mean to say that any of them, except Theodora, loved her, but all liked her, all were pleased with her animating presence. The doctor was as gallant and polite to her as though she had been twenty years old, instead of fifteen. Mrs. Throgmorton would have inaugurated her into the best guest chamber in the house. Rose invited her, nay, pressed her, and grew angry because she declined, to share her own luxurious apartment on the second floor. But Vivia would have mercy on whom she would have mercy, and chose to share the attic of that pale young enthusiast whom all the household dubbed a dunce. And Rose thought it quite incomprehensible that a beautiful girl of Vivia's age should prefer the society of a stupid child of twelve, moping in a garret, to the company of herself and the beaux that nightly congregated in the cheerful drawing-room below.

But Vivia by no means encouraged her friend to confine herself so closely to that attic chamber, to which her devotion to art and her feebleness of frame alike united to bind her. When Vivia came over Friday evening, they would rise early Saturday morning, make up their bed, put the room in order, dress themselves, and then open that oak chest, examine Theodora's impoverished wardrobe, alter or repair what needed improvement, and so spend an hour or two before breakfast in putting the child's scanty clothing in good order for the next week. After breakfast they would return to the attic and look over Theodora's sketches of the previous week—Vivia making certain suggestions and giving some instructions. After an hour or two spent thus, they would put on their bonnets, and go out for a long ramble up the brow of the precipice behind the mansion house, over its summit, and down into the forest on the other side. Sometimes they would ramble in an opposite direction; down the avenue that led from the front portico of the house, through the terraced garden to the rugged steps cut in the solid rock that led to the base of the mountain and the banks of Mad River; cross over the rapids by springing from rock to rock, and ramble through the sparsely-wooded vale until they reached the Sunset Hills—most beautiful now in their summer glory; a perfect Acadia, an Elysium, an Eden, a picture for a Claude Lorraine pencil, not for mine. It was where the south mountain range came to an end by falling in a succession of undulating hills, now covered with soft, fresh verdure; encircled by clear, purling brooks, tributaries of Mad River; shaded by groves of trees, some growing in close groups upon the hilltops, some following the course of the streams; and enamelled by countless varieties of wild flowers. It was the favorite haunt of birds also, and the blue bird, the oriole, the mocking bird, the bob-o'-link, and the humbler thrush and linnet made this paradise vocal with their concerts. How much Theodora rejoiced in these walks with Vivia! life and strength were inhaled with every breath, light came to her languishing eyes, and color to her cheeks, giving her face a wonderful charm, which, if it was not beauty, riveted attention with a sweet fascination. Here, seated on a flower-bank under the shade of some great tree beside the brook, Vivia would sometimes look at her with her own bright face full of loving admiration.

"You should go out very often, dear Dora, you need air more than anything else; you need to know how much life-giving power there is in the air. To me all brightest and best inspirations come in the open air."

"But, dear Genie, I only enjoy these lovely rambles when you are with me. I have a faint little heart, Genie, and although I can now bear to be alone in my garret when I am hard at work and forgetful of everything else; yet I cannot bear to walk so far alone; and I feel so lonesome and cowardly; and if I hear a noise in the woods I am frightened; and if I happen to see a snake—I never see one until it runs away before my feet—my heart stops and the sight leaves my eyes and I turn so sick with fear as to be near falling. And I have never ventured out alone since I saw a rattlesnake on the North Mountain. I did not see it until I heard its rattle as it fled away, and then I was near fainting," said Theodora, shuddering with the recollection.

"Well, dear Dora, it is that very feebleness of frame, that air and exercise would cure, which makes you so fearful; if you were strong you would not be timid, and you would then reason yourself out of your fearful antipathy to these things; for consider, that though you have lived in this region nearly all your life you have never seen or heard but one rattlesnake. Venomous reptiles are not numerous anywhere, they are, moreover, gifted, as all wild animals also are, with a dread of human beings, they are more anxious to get out of your way than you are to avoid them, and *they* are never abstracted, they are always on the alert to shun a natural antagonist. They will let us alone if we let them alone. It is only our fear or our cruelty that makes them dangerous—thus if you meet a panther and cower before him he may tear you—or if you wantonly steal upon a coiled up snake and set your foot upon it before it can get out of your way it may bite you. But if you leave them in peace they will leave you in safety. This is a suppositious case, for I am glad, for your sake, dear Dora, that there are no dangerous wild animals and very few noxious reptiles infesting these mountains. You will get over your weakness, dear Dora. No one who admires the glorious heroes of history as you do can continue to be timorous."

"Oh! I often think it is because I am such a poor little miserable, that I do love and almost worship those who have courage and magnanimity."

"You are not a little miserable at all. You are a little genius—angels love you, and they inspire you with a love of heroism that you may conquer in yourself the inherited weakness of your nature. So love your heroes, dear Dora. One among many uses of transcendent virtue is the enthusiasm it enkindles, the aspiration it awakens in other hearts. 'The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak,' said the only perfect and most compassionate One. Strengthen the flesh then; a vigorous frame is a fine support to a valiant spirit," said Vivia.

"Then Shakspeare's greatest hero—*certainly* greatest in one sense, whose soul was full of courage, but whose 'cowardly legs' ran away with him, was more laughed at than he deserved to be, Genie!" said Theodora, smiling quaintly.

Vivia did not rebuke this little gleam of mirth; but answering the smile said—

"Perhaps. Therefore you must get health and strength from exercise, the life giving air."

Thus Vivia influenced her protege—inspiring her intellect, stimulating her affections, acting upon her habits. (TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
13 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

ZILLAH; OR, THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

We commence this novelet in our present number. It will, we think, be universally acknowledged to be well written and of absorbing interest. It will run through from six to eight numbers of the Post—and those desiring it should send in their subscriptions speedily.

We may mention here, that Mr. Duganne's novelet of "THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS; a Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims," is already in our hands—and will be duly published in its order.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE POST, CHANGE OF FORM, AND IMPROVEMENT IN QUALITY.

The publishers of the Post, in the commencement of the ninth year of their proprietorship, have determined upon an enlargement of their sheet, an improvement of its quality—and, after a long and mature consideration, upon a change of shape into the Quarto form.

As to the enlargement of size, and the improvement in the weight and excellence of the paper, we need say but little—as they cannot fail to give great satisfaction to our readers. Although the extra expense involved is very heavy, we have no intention at present of raising our prices, even to club subscribers. Our readers probably will be surprised to learn, that the additional cost of the present improvement in size and quality, will amount to no less a sum on our present edition, than FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS a Month, or SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS a year. Of course, nothing but a great increase of our circulation, can repay us for so large an increase of outlay.

As to the Quarto form which we have adopted, we foresee that while it will be warmly welcomed by one class of our subscribers—whose letters soliciting it during the past year, have been duly considered—it will probably not commend itself *at first* to another large class, who are unaccustomed to it, and have not duly weighed its advantages. A few explanations upon this subject, therefore may not be unadvisable.

In the first place then we may observe, that the Quarto form is the shape almost universally adopted by the large papers in Great Britain. The far-famed *London Times* is a Quarto—in length about the same as the Post now is, and only about an inch and a quarter wider. Experience has proved in the old countries, as it is rapidly doing here, that the trifling inconveniences of the Quarto form are many times compensated by considerations of great weight and importance.

A newspaper may be considered in two aspects:—First, As an ephemeral sheet, to be read, and thrown aside, and torn up at pleasure; or, secondly, As a History of the Times, issued daily or weekly, and containing besides, valuable information upon a great variety of subjects, with the cream of the current Literature. Now, if a newspaper is worthy of being regarded in the second light, it is not only worthy of, but entitled to PRESERVATION. We may be, and doubtless are, partial; but we confess that when in times past, we have considered the immense amount of valuable matter—in the shape of current history, agricultural information, interesting fiction, and miscellaneous reading—that we are in the habit of laying yearly before our readers; and then have considered the almost impossibility of preserving it, from the unwieldy form of the sheet, and the want of strength in its texture, we have experienced no slight emotions of regret. The Mahometan religiously refuses to destroy even a scrap of paper, lest the name of Allah should happen to be inscribed upon it, and thus mutilated—while daily and weekly are we Christians destroying huge sheets filled with the choicest sentiments, and the most instructive facts and precepts.

Now we have found in our own experience, that if the weekly numbers of the Post are to be preserved, the form of the paper must be altered. We have a file of our papers regularly bound—but little good do they do us. The size is so large, unwieldy and cumbrous, that it is only with great inconvenience that the yearly volumes can be taken out and perused.

We trust though that hereafter, our readers generally will preserve their Posts. We will not be deterred by any false modesty, from saying that it is a paper worthy of being preserved—as worthy as any twenty books that have been or will be published this year. A regular file of the Post for ten years, is a history of all the most important transactions of that time, and exceedingly valuable for reference alone. And when we add to this, the vast stores it contains of interesting reading upon almost every subject, it is not to be compared in value to any one book, but to a whole LIBRARY. This is not exaggeration—it is what every intelligent man and woman knows to be the unadorned and simple truth.

To preserve the Post, it must be read carefully by the various members of the family—*and not loaned*. We object in future to all weekly borrowings; and borrowers, when they read this, will please take warning that the practice can no longer be complied with by our readers. In fact, at the present price of newspapers, no man who is not either a pauper or a miser, would be caught at a regular game of borrowing. It is disgraceful—unjust both to publishers and to subscribers—and, if papers are not to be destroyed, but to be preserved, must be put an end to. You might as well borrow of your neighbor his children's school-books as his family paper. But we trust that this notice will be sufficient to put an end to the barefaced practice, at least among the borrowers of the Post—although we know that the very persons who cannot take a hint, are the class who can take everything else.

But to continue. The paper being carefully read—should then either be regularly filed, or laid away weekly in a safe place, ready for binding at the close of the year. In places where it is inconvenient to have it bound—or as a capital substitute for filing—the following plan is recommended. Have a pasteboard cover made, like a common port-folio, though of course rather larger than the paper, with width of back—which may be either cloth or leather—sufficient to take in the numbers for a half-year. Then have twenty-six pieces of tape stretched inside the back, fastened of course at each end. Each paper then after reading, can be put in this cover, and secured by being passed under one of the strings.

The best mode to treat a Quarto sheet, is to cut the leaves open as soon as received. This divides it into two sheets—which may either be pinned (or sewed) together in the middle; or left divided in order that two of the family may read at the same time. Each of these half-sheets of the Post, will contain half of the more peculiarly literary contents of the paper.

When, however, there is only one person wanting the paper, and he does not wish to be at the trouble of cutting it open—let him bear in mind this general rule, in which the Post differs from all the other Quartos we have seen. The peculiarly literary matter is on the outside; the editorial, book notices, news of all kinds, markets, and advertisements are on the inside. The matter on each page also is independent of the rest—so there is no continuation from one to another—with the exception of the first page running at times into the second, which, from its simplicity, confuses no one. Therefore, if the reader who does not wish to cut the leaves, desires to read the literary contents of the paper first, he will keep to the outside pages, already before him. But if he wishes to peruse first the news, editorial, &c., he will open and turn the paper at once, and then find outspread before him (without need of cutting) all that he wants. We consider this appropriation of one whole side of the paper to the Literary, and of the other to the News and Business Departments, a decided improvement in the mode of arranging the matter to that generally pursued.

In conclusion, we have to solicit those who, from the force of old association, are prejudiced against the Quarto form, to give it at least a year's fair trial before pronouncing against it. It took about that length of time to overcome our own prejudices—but we are now firmly convinced, not only that it is the proper form for a large paper, but that all the large papers in the country must, sooner or later, adopt it. The present large sheets are the result of some twenty years' timid and gradual enlargements—and thus the result more of necessity and chance than of choice or judgment. But now that the size has reached that extent which warrants the adoption of the Quarto form, the same reasons which have led the English papers to adopt it, will also prevail upon this side of the Atlantic.

We have stated that the increased expense of the present enlargement of size, and improvement of the quality of the paper, will amount to Five Hundred Dollars a *month*. To meet this increased outlay, two plans were before us. The first was to raise the price of the paper to our club subscribers; the second, to keep the price at the old rates, and trust that we should receive a large increase of our subscription list. Six thousand dollars a year of additional expense is no trifle—but still we have concluded to keep our prices at the old terms, and trust to an increase of our list to compensate us. We know that the American people like energy and liberality; and, for ourselves, we do not belong to that class who fear to steer out boldly upon the great, untried waters of life. In the words of the heroic old Scotch song—

"He wilthat fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

Therefore, we loosen another reef in our canvas, and taking all needful means to insure success, appeal once more to the verdict of the public. And, notwithstanding our readers in helping us will be simply helping themselves—none the less shall we be thankful for all the efforts to increase our circulation, which they in their active friendliness may see proper to make.

THE PACIFIC.—There is a glimmer of hope for those who have friends on board this missing vessel, in the statement that a Collins steamship was seen by certain passengers on the America, when three days out from Liverpool—said steamship having *a flag of distress flying*, and heading for the British channel. But we cannot understand, if this statement be correct, why the America did not go to the aid of the disabled steamship.

It must also be remembered, that the Atlantic was unheard from in the winter of 1851, for forty-nine days. The Pacific—having left Liverpool on the 23d of January—was out, on the first of the present month, thirty-eight days. The Atlantic went ashore on the coast of Ireland. It is not time yet to be down-hearted about the Pacific. Her commander, Captain Eldridge, has sailed and steamed the seas for a quarter of a century.

——Since writing the above, Capt. Wickham, of the America, denies that any such steamship was seen in the British Channel. He reports passing, on the 20th, a large steamship, with two funnels, bound East, supposed to be the Fulton. Capt. Wickham thinks that if the Pacific got into the ice, she may yet be heard from.

A person professing to be the mate of the English brig Bogert, makes the following statement:

On the 19th of February, between two and three bells, (1½ o'clock) in the afternoon, as I was standing on the quarter-deck, with a night-glass in my hands, I saw a steamship crossing our track, between two and three miles ahead (I think about that distance); she was steering to the eastward. The weather was thick and foggy, with a slight drizzly rain, and blowing a gale from W. N. W. or N. N. W. Occasionally the fog would light up. I could see her through the haze, but not very distinctly. I thought it was one of the Collins steamships, as she had no bowsprit. I know the Pacific—having seen her frequently. Her starboard bulwarks were gone; starboard wheelhouse was also gone, and, I think, part of the wheel. Her wheel was in motion (very slow) so far as I could see. She was rolling very heavy, and I remarked to one of the sailors, "There's a steamer which has had a lick from an old-fashioned sea." I only got a sight at her now and then. The fore-topmast stay-sail and main spencer were set. The foremast was carried away. She had a list to port of about three streaks. We lost sight of her in about half-an-hour.

Mr. Cunard, Capt. Nye and other leading shipowners are said to regard this report as utterly destitute of foundation. Moreover, according to the mate's story, the Bogert had put into St. John's, N. B.—and yet, a telegraphic message says that no such vessel had arrived there.

The Arago, the steamship last in, reports the icebergs and icefields as blocking up the usual passage in all directions—exceeding anything Capt. Lines had ever seen. The Purser says:

On the 22nd of February, 6 A. M., lat. 44.24, long. 46, passed three icebergs. From that time until the 24th, at noon, lat. 44.24, long. 49, were constantly picking our way among the icebergs, large and small pieces, and patches of closely packed broken ice, for a part of two nights stopped, and at other times were running slow, frequently stopping and backing, to avoid collision with dangerous pieces.

At noon on the 22nd, found that we were in the bight of a bay of closely packed broken ice and large and small icebergs, extending from south-east around to north, as far as could be seen, with no open water to westward; stood to the north, in hopes of finding an opening, but after running thirty miles, found that the ice extended to the northeastward as far as could be seen. We then "about" ship and stood back again to the south, exploring whatever had the appearance of a passage—at one time running into a deep bay for 30 miles, which we found closely blocked up, and had to stand out again—in this way we made 200 miles southing, without seeing any open water to westward, before we found a passage. In a few weeks the widest track for European navigation will be impeded by this dangerous foe.

Captain Lines, in view of these facts, recommends all shipmasters to go south of the Banks in going to Europe this season, and in coming to westward when approaching the ice track in thick weather, or in the night, to use the utmost vigilance and have their ships under perfect command for any manœuvre at a moment's notice.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.—A pamphlet has been published by Dr. S. Hollingsworth, of this city, attributing the existence of the "open Polar Sea" to a current of warm water from the equatorial regions.

Would it not be well, before proceeding with such disquisitions, to have it satisfactorily settled that there is such an "open sea?" Dr. Kane's work, now preparing for publication by *Messrs. Childs & Peterson* of this city, is anxiously awaited by many, in order to see upon exactly how much testimony this alleged fact of an open sea rests. It is no secret that individuals connected with the Expedition, view the whole story as a delusion—considering the "open sea" as a mere casual opening in the sea. How far such views are the offspring of mere jealousy—which cannot brook the applause bestowed almost exclusively upon the head of the Expedition—and how far of a common-sense, reasonable weighing of the facts of the case, of course cannot at present be determined. But as philosophers are notoriously given to proving why the bucket of water will not weigh more with the fish in it—before they have investigated whether it will or not—we have thought that a word of caution in this matter of the "open sea" might not be superfluous.

CAUSE OF THE COLD.—A philosopher in Dedham, Mass., attributes the excessive cold of the past winter to the powder burned at Sebastopol. He says, that such combustion puts into circulation large quantities of nitrous gas—and that "if saltpetre and salammoniac, be put into a given quantity of water at 50 degrees Fahrenheit, it will reduce its temperature 50 degrees." This reason is certainly very far-fetched—about five thousand miles. But if it be sound, we go against any more wars—especially one in our own neighborhood. Why, just cipher this out:—If a thousand tons of gunpowder, exploded at Sebastopol, will sink the mercury in Philadelphia to ten below zero, what will become of the mercury, when said explosion occurs in the harbor of New York? Whew! we shudder to think of it. We shall write a letter to the President forthwith.

A WITNESS in a liquor case, in Manchester, N. S., the other day, gave the following testimony:—"Saleratus is ice and water and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel good—feet lift easier."

Yes, and sometimes the feet lift so "easy," that body, and head, and character too, go down, down, down! It is best to avoid these establishments where they squirt stuff—often poisoned stuff, too—"into ice and water from a concern."

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.—We are pleased to see several of the leading political papers taking the same ground as the Post relative to the proposed abrogation of this Treaty.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH ENGLAND.—It will be seen by the recent correspondence in relation to the Central American Question, submitted to the Senate, that Lord Clarendon had, *in free conversations*, suggested to Mr. Buchanan the referring of the true interpretation of the Treaty to the Arbitration of some third power. We trust that our government will embrace the proper means to discover whether England is in earnest in this proposition. We do not perceive any great difficulty in getting an impartial arbitrator. As France probably would quite as leave see neither party in possession of Central America, we should be very little afraid to leave the decision even to England's ally, Louis Napoleon himself. But if this should be thought too hazardous, there are Prussia and Austria, both of whom probably love England about as dearly as they love us.

As to the Enlistment Question, the Difficulty has settled into a rather ridiculous one—and that is, whether England has apologized or not. Lord Palmerston says in Parliament:—

Her Majesty's Government, however, very soon found that it would be exceedingly difficult, in carrying out this enlistment, to avoid that which might cause offence to the American Government; and, being most anxious that nothing should occur which could give umbrage to the United States, we issued orders that those proceedings should be entirely discontinued. (Hear! hear!) Soon afterwards an official representation was made by the Government of America, complaining of the enlistment. The answer given to that was that, anticipating that they might take umbrage at the proceedings which had been commenced, her Majesty's Government had, of their own accord, ordered that they should be discontinued. In giving this answer we expressed our regret for anything which might, contrary to our intentions and instructions, have been done in violation of their laws, though we were disposed to think that no such violation had occurred; and referred as a proof of the sincerity of such regret, to the fact that we had, of our own accord, stopped the proceedings of which the American Government complained. (Cheers.) The Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Cobden) has said that the relations of governments should be regulated by those rules which apply to the conduct of gentlemen towards each other; and I would ask, what could be more satisfactory, as between gentleman and gentleman, than that one should say to the other, "I thought I foresaw that what my servants were doing might give you reason for complaint; I have stopped their proceedings; but, nevertheless, if they have, contrary to my instructions, done anything with which you have reason to find fault, I beg your pardon; I am very sorry for it, and express my regret?" (Cheers.) When the communication to which I have referred was made to the American Minister in London, he expressed himself satisfied with the explanation (cheers,) and said that he felt confident that his Government would entertain a similar feeling in regard to it. For some time we heard nothing more. Subsequently, however, complaints were renewed, the question was re-opened, and a correspondence has gone on upon this subject.

Our government, however, denies that such an apology as Lord Palmerston describes above has been tendered—and thus the question is shifted as to whether the English peer has used such language as he declares he has used, or not.

In the case of Genet, dismissed by President Washington, no apology, if we remember rightly, was demanded by our government for the proceedings of the French minister—but, when he persisted in continuing his enlistments after due warning—threatening to appeal from the President to the People—his walking papers were summarily handed him.

Whether Lord Palmerston has apologized, as he says he has, or not? is, however, the great question of the day. Any one of our readers who may wish to decide the question for himself, is referred to some half-dozen closely printed columns of correspondence, published in the leading daily papers. To avoid the labor of reading that mass of rather uninteresting matter, we intend to occupy a neutral position in the controversy.

THE WEATHER IN MISSISSIPPI.—J. A. P., writing from Early Grove, Miss., under date of Feb. 12th, says:—

We have had the longest and coldest weather I ever felt. The ground was frozen seven weeks, and the thermometer has been 10 degs. below zero. There never was such weather known here even by the oldest inhabitants. It has moderated, but I do not think it will remain so long, from the appearance of the clouds; but it would be a great blessing, for not one-half of the farmers are done picking out cotton yet, and spring nearly here, and time to commence another crop.

As to the question which has puzzled our Early Grove friends, we would reply—not to either. The authoress referred to, if we are correctly informed, does not belong to any religious denomination.

TRUTH.—Truth is like a torch, the more it is shaken the more it shines.

Yes, and it is also like a torch, because if shaken too much it will go out—and, when once out, it is often difficult to light again. Some moralists make a great mistake in magnifying the enduring character of the Truth—as if men might do what they pleased, and yet Truth would survive among them. But what is the history of the world, from Adam to the present day, but a history of nations among whom the Truth gradually was extinguished—the extinguishment of the nations following soon afterward, as a matter of necessity? Rather therefore should we say: Truth is like a Torch; beware then lest it be extinguished by the gusts of passion, or the foul damps of ignorance, falsehood, and prejudice.

THE PAPER-MAKING of the wasp shows instinct to be as great in manufactures as the honeycomb proves it to excel in architecture. The wasp makes a paper as excellent as any paper in its line; and she has for sixty centuries been acquainted with what was only discovered by men between five and six centuries ago. She makes two kinds of paper, the white and the brown; and the white takes ink as well as if it were sized.

We wonder whether the connection as shown in the above, between the manufacture of paper and the wasp, is any reason why authors and editors are so apt to be a little waspish?

TO OUR EXCHANGES.—Our exchanges would confer a favor by calling attention to our enlargement and alteration of form, &c.,—an obligation which we will at any time cheerfully reciprocate.

☞ ANIMAL MAGNETISM OUTDONE.—It is said that Mr. Perkins has invented a compound which he calls the "concentrated essence of the sublimated spirit of steam." A person has only to put a vial of it into his pocket, and it will carry him along at the rate of fifty miles an hour; or by merely swallowing three drops when you go to bed at night, in the morning you will wake up in any part of the world you choose.

☞ Mrs. Mary Howitt writes that Miss Bremer is just getting up a new story, of which she (Mary Howitt) has received the first sheets for translation.

☞ When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said: "He is rising in the world; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

☞ It is estimated that the clergy cost the United States six million dollars per year; the criminals twelve millions; the dogs ten millions; and the lawyers thirty-five millions. Doubtful.

New Publications.

THE NEW PURCHASE; or, Early Years in the Far West. By ROBERT CARLTON, Esq. Illustrated by Mombergert. Third edition, revised by the author. Two volumes in one. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A well-thought of republication of a most animated picture of Western wild-wood life, with its manifold stirring adventures, its somewhat rude but hearty manners, and queer Hoosier jargon to match, giving an air of life-like reality to rough sketches of rough ways; with their hardships undisguised, and their rich compensations enthusiastically dwelt upon. The introductory paragraph is poetical:

To persons of tender sensibilities and ardent enthusiasm, the West is a land of beautiful visions; while its gorgeous clouds, like drapery around the golden sunsets, is a curtain veiling other and more distant glories. Such persons are not insensible to worldly advantages, yet they abandon not the East for the love of gain: but are rather evoked by a potent, if an imaginary spirit, resident in that world of hoary wilds. From the prairie spreading its grassy and flowery plains to meet the dim horizon; from the river rolling a flood across half a continent; from the forest dark and venerable with the growth of many centuries, come, with every passing cloud and wind, the words of resistless invitation; till the enchanted, concealing the true causes, or pretending others, depart for the West. They are weary of a prosaic life; they go to find a poetic one.

In the following sketch we see the consequences of a housekeeper trying to be excessively neat in a one room cabin:

Meetings in the Purchase are not always dry affairs. This very autumn, a two days' meeting was held on Saturday and Sunday in the Welden settlement. At the close of the first day, while Glenville and Carlton were "setting the toone for them," a heavy shower began suddenly to fall; and as we clerks could not get out to secure our saddles, they became well soaked, hence after service we found seats cool and refreshing as a wet sponge. We had been invited to spend the night at a chieftain's: and as we were without umbrellas or cloaks, and the rain kept mizzling away, we had a very agreeable ride of it. However, we were neither salt nor sugar: and we comforted one another with mutual promises of a dry house and a drying fire. But—ah! me!—our dear good landlady, and especially to honor her guests, had determined to have "things fixed!"—and a wet fix it was. First and foremost, the puncheon-floor had undergone a deluge, effected by pouring over it forty great calabashes of water, or one great calabash forty times emptied! Then the door had been violently assaulted with stiff hickory brooms, till its dirt was raked, and floated away to form an alluvion in the cellar below; but much of the flood having eluded the swabbing process that followed, there remained many Lilliputian lakes of muddy water in the cavities and gulleys of the puncheons. Secondarily, chairs, tables, benches, and even bedsteads had undergone Pharisaical ablutions: and although things did dry in process of time, yet, as the good woman remarked, "Things were a leetle dampish, to be sure!" Indeed, chairs and benches on which persons of a sanguine temperament sat, exhibited, on their rising, a Mosaic of dark and light shades. Thirdly, when we washed, before supper and dinner in one, we were offered a wet towel to dry on! the lady apologizing for the anomaly, by saying, "Thar'd been sich a rite down smart chance of rain that their wash wouldn't dry." Of course this apology accounted for the sundried table-cloth at the meal; where, by the way, we recognized, in the midst of other good things, and full of milk, the republican bowl that a few moments before had enacted the part of wash-basin. In anticipation of its complex, and yet desultory character, we of Glenville, instead of dipping, at the time, our hands into the bowl, had poured from it the water over the hands. All the guests, we must say, were not so considerate.

A full description of the building of a fire on a winter morning, an edifying contrast to our city ways, is concluded with the following explosion of enthusiasm:

Bah!—don't lecture me about furnaces and flues, and patent grates and ranges, and no-burns and all-saves, of this pitiful age! Give me my log-burn and no-save fire of beech and sugar and hickory, and hip and brush—hand back my tomahawk—let me poke the fire once more! Oh! let me hear and see once more before I die a glorious flame roaring up a stick-chimney! There let me, on this celebrated cold Thursday, thermometer two and a half inches below zero, there let me stand by my cabin fire and be heated once more through and through! Oh! the luxury of lying in bed and looking from behind our Scotch wall on that fire!

Oh! ye poor frozen, starving wretches of our dread and horrible alleys, and dark and loathsome villains; ye, I now see buying twopennyth of sticksters sticks to heat your water gruel for one more mouthful before ye die; ye, that are shivering in rags, begging of that red-faced carter the pen-jacket a small, knotty, four-foot-stick sour, sappy scrub oak just fallen from his cart, hear it sob, sob, on the foodless hearth of your pigeon-like holes—away! for life's sake, if you have not before, away! next summer to the woods!

Go; squat on Congress land! Go! find corn and pork and turkeys and squirrels and opossums and deer to eat! Go; and in the cold, cold, cold winter like to-day, you shall sit and lie and warm you by such a fire! Go; squalid slaves! get an axe—put out—make tracks for the tall bear—Go; taste what it is to be free! Away!—away!—leap!—and shout—

"Hurraw—aw! the ranges for—ever!"

We close our extracts with the following thrilling account of being lost in the woods:

A HUNTER'S STORY.

One morning early in December, I says to Nancy, 'Nancy, I dad,' says I, 'I do believe I'll take old Bet—a rifle—as we are out of meat, and go where I seen the turkeys roosting last night:' you mind the morning, Nancy, my dear, don't you?"

"Bless you, Tommy Seymour, I'll never forget it. I was near losing you then, Tommy."

"Well, Nancy, I'll go on with the story."

This was one of the interlocutories that always used and interrupted uncle Tommy's narratives, for nothing could excel the intense interest that his affectionate and devoted wife—wife and child to him—took in the stories, though heard a hundredth time. But uncle Tommy went on:

"And so I slips out of bed—it wasn't day quite—slips on my clothes, and fixes my old gun to the fire and then opens the door to set out, and I discerned a leetle sprinkle of snow and a good deal for a snow storm. Howsomever, this 'n fazes me, only I steps back for my old Mackinaw cloak—little thinking, as I fixed it on, how need the thing afore I'd git back agin.

"Well, I starts for where I'd seen the turkeys, sitting near, sneaked round a bit, but soon the critters had been too quick, and like my flea, wasn't there. I heerd them, however, fly, and so on I kept creeping slowly till I'd got from home, mayhap, a matter of miles; but the snow was so thick in the air I never could discern the birds, and away kept going flurry-wurry about seventy yards at-till I give up the hunt and turn'd to go for fear Nancy might be waiting break-

"Yes, Tommy Seymour, I did wait breakfast for—"

"Never mind, Nancy, my dear child, I got it last you know"—replied uncle Tommy, continued—"Well, I turn'd to go back, but if I could jist exactly tell where I was pre- the snow had so tectotally kivered my and it was now snowing so bodaciously to kiver as fast as I made them. But I sharp look at the timber, and fixing on a I kept my line for near two mile—yet, I I could strike the cabin and couldn't tell it was too high or too low; and so up I short quarter, and down a short quarter, as could be guessed circumlocating for hours, but no cabin was to be seen. Well, dad, if I ain't about as good as lost; and down in a tree top to reconsiderate, and rush start—but soon starts up and hollows Harry—but nothing gives no answer as snow!—snow!—snow!—not a smite of my breathing and a sort of pittinpattin of my heart! I found it wouldn't do to stand still as the scares begin to crawl in a leetle, and so off I sets at a venture; for the cabin must be, says I, somewhere near: and sometimes I conceited it to be ahead of me, but all at once it vanished, and I seed it was only a case of fantomagery—and that I, Tommy Seymour, was actually lost?——"

"Yes! Tommy, and I couldn't give you any help!"

"Nancy! child, I wouldn't a had you there for the universal world."

"Well,"—resumed he—"there I was teetotally lost! I couldn't stay still—yet what use to walk on? And if I fired my gun, and Nancy heerd it, and I didn't git back, mayhap she'd think the Injins had killed me, and then she'd come out and git lost too!—and with that idee, thinks I may be she's out now!—and then I gits hodsciously sker'd and hollows agin like the very old Harry! and walks and runs this way and that way—the snow blinding my eyes—but all was of no use—I was lost! lost! lost! But it was only about Nancy here, I thought at this time:—and I dad, if I didn't ketch myself a crying like a child,—and, wished to be lost by myself without her coming out in such a storm!" We here stole a look at aunt Nancy—I could not catch her eye as she had her work-bag over her face: but "I dad," as uncle Tommy used to say, if we didn't feel a leetle tender ourselves. And so, generous reader, would you have felt, hearing the tremulous thrill of the venerable old man's voice and seeing his eye affectionately turned towards that dear old lady that for so many years had shared his wanderings and sorrows. "Well I must 'a become crazy, running round and hollowing and crying—and all of no use—when all at once it quit snowing, and I was sperited up, hoping the sun would shine out next, and I could take a course for Squattertown or the Injin settlement. But it kept dark and cloudy and I begins to feel weak from fatigue and hunger—albeit I warn't sker'd on that pint, as I had ole Bet along—and so allowing it was about one o'clock, I determined to strike the Blue Fox, and keep down stream to the settlement on its bank thirty miles down. Well, off I sets to strike the river, and in about four mile comes to a little pond with a couple of duck swimming about. I stopp'd in my tracks—knock'd out dump primin—puts in fresh—and slams away and kills one duck; and the other flies away. And I gits the duck to land by pitching sticks in, but not wanting to lose time, I kept on going; and so picked off the feathers and sucked a little of it raw, till it 'most made me sick, and I thought it would be better to keep and cook it at night—which was now coming on black as thunder. Well, it was time to look out for a camp; and just about dark I came across a tree what had been twisted off by a harrikin, and was lodged the butt end on the stump; and the top on the ground was puttee much of a dry brush heap. For all the world! there never was sich a place! Providence seem'd to have blow'd it down jist for me! I could have camp'd there a week! And so we brushes away the snow and makes a fire in the top! and near the stump under the trunk, makes a comfortable bed out of chunks and brush wood: and then I goes to the fire and sits down to cook my duck.

"But, I dad, if I could help thinking about our cabin and every time I think of Nancy—I—; but I know'd there was a divine Providence and a heavenly Father—and so I prayed, and then eat one half of my duck, keeping the other; as game was mighty skerse and no human beings was in that direction till I struck the Blue Fox. And then, making a little fire near my bed for my feet, and kivering my powder-horn with a handkerchief to put under my head for fear of damp and sparks, I raps up in the ole camlit, and laid down, and was soon fast asleep.

"Well, after a while I gits to dreaming I was lost in a prairee, and that the grass had tuck fire, and that I was a kind of suffocated and scorch'd; and I dreamed I heerd the awful roaring of flames, and seen a burning whirlwind coming towards me, and that so sker'd me that I woke right up—and, I dad! as I'm a livin man, if I didn't hear a bark! And so I stops and listens—and there was another—and another—and I was sartain it wasn't no fox or wolf but a dog—and then, I dad! if I didn't streak off that way like greased lightnin!—and begun and holler'd and fired!—and the dog bark'd louder and louder, and kept on coming nearer and nearer! and I a running and hollerin till all at once right in sight of me was—a human cabin! If I live a thousand years—and none of us, my brethren, will live half that long—I'll never forget that moment—and if ever I thank'd God with a rale sincerity heart, 'twas then. But while I was reconsidering whose settlemint it was, for things looked a kind of familiar, the dog what had kept on barkin, now bust out of the bushes, a yelpin and a prancin around me!—and why, do you think?—because the poor feller had found his lost master—and it was Nancy's little dog Ruff! And would you believe it?—my eyes was suddenly opened like a prophit's, and I found I was on my own trampin ground, and the cabin was ours!—and there stood my dear child Nancy, a lookin our way out of the cabin door! I dad! if I didn't snatch up Ruff and kiss him!—the poor little crittur—he's dead now!—licked my face with his tongue!—and in that way I run over to Nancy." Here the emotion of the old man and the agitation of his wife made a momentary pause—it was, indeed, as solemn as church. "Well, after all was explained and illustrated, we kneel'd down and thank'd God: and then Nancy, she told how she thought I was killed and then maybe only lost, till she was fiat goin to start for the next settlemint; and if I'd a come ten minits later, she'd been off after help!

"So, that's one of my scrapes; and it illustrates the fillosofee that makes a man keep going round and round when he's lost; for albeit I must a walked more nor fifty mile in the two days, I wasn't never over seven mile from the cabin: and that's the pond where the duck was;—and when I come back agin, I didn't know at fust my own cabin—nor the chopp'd log, though I'd cut down the tree myself.

A FORGET TRAGEDY AND OTHER TALES. By GRACE GREENWOOD, author of "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe," "Greenwood Leaves," &c. &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A volume of tales rich in those peculiar attractions that have won for their possessor a place in many hearts—rich in the brilliancy, the poetry, the sprightliness, the impassioned womanly feeling that encircle with a soft, glowing, many-hued radiance the name of Grace Greenwood. The early friends of the author trace in her late writings, the difference that flows from maturity of heart and mind. There is less buoyancy of spirit, less piquancy of style; but a deeper thoughtfulness, a more elaborate finish.

"The Minister's Choice," which the readers of the Post will remember, is a singular story, admirably told—"Alice's Tryst," a graceful sketch, overflows with the poetry of young love, and its tragic ending is so bathed in heavenly light that the grave has no victory.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA. By the Hon. ARCHIBALD M. MURRAY. Two Volumes Complete in One. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

A book of travels, not particularly interesting nor at all brilliant, simply respectable. Miss Murray seems to make a point of seeing for herself, and thinking independently, and speaking boldly, on all controverted questions—how much her opinions are worth, the reader will decide for himself. She has a taste for natural history, and her notes on botany, geology, &c., will interest such as are fond of those sciences. Her remarks are quite sharp sometimes,—for instance, about the ladies of Washington:

In this country, I hear that "though it has no queen, *all the women are queens.*" I should rather call them playthings—dolls; things treated as if they were unfit or unwilling to help themselves or others: and while we in England have nearly cast aside arts of the toilet worthy only of dolls, I see here false brows, false bloom, false hair, false everything!—not always, but too frequently. Dress in America, as an almost general rule, is full of extravagance and artificiality; and while women show such a want of reliance upon their native powers of pleasing, their influence in society will be more nominal than real.

The old lady has probably been imposed upon in some of her researches, for she says that—

The Americans must not be depended on for information as to facts regarding their own country, particularly not for any facts of natural science. They are not sufficiently aware of the importance of such things, and their love of practical jokes is strong. I might instance the *Floating Island in Lake Solitude*, which never had any existence but in the imagination of its inventors; and I will tell you one story as exemplifying this transatlantic habit. An old lady, who possessed more botanical curiosity than is commonly met with among ladies in this country, requested a sailor nephew, about to visit South (?) America, to bring her a Mexican Cactus plant. Captain ——— forgot his aunt's wish while in that country; ashamed to confess his delinquency, and not being able to resist the temptation to have his joke at her expense, he procured a flower-pot, buried in it a large rat all but the tail (which he tied in gardener-like fashion to a stick), and wrote on a neat tally the name, "Cactus *Rattailiense*." When he presented this, the old lady exclaimed, "What a queer plant! why is it called Rattailiense?"

"Don't you see, my dear aunt, it bears a strong resemblance to the tail of a rat?"

"Well," said she, "that is very odd; and it certainly smells something like a rat, too."

The captain went off to sea again before his fraud was discovered, and trusted to the effect of time and absence to procure his forgiveness.

We agree with Miss Murray entirely in her disapproval of dark rooms, and of useless splendor. The very common and very reprehensible custom of shutting out the light, all sensible persons should take every opportunity of discountenancing:

Already in Boston I have remarked that simplicity and comfort are advancing beyond ostentation; dress and furniture there evince more attention to suitability than to mere show. In every other part of the United States, with the exception of Mr. G———'s, of Canandaigua, and one or two other houses, magnificent curtains, expensive carpets, and fine mirrors, are more abundant than in England; but useful tables, writing materials, and other little comforts we consider imperative, are wanting. That singular fashion—which is almost general—of making the drawing-room and parlors so obscure that the inmates might as well live in cellars, is one reason why necessaries for employment are scarce. Tables would be almost useless where no one can see to write or draw. I have been told it is the heat of this climate which makes people thus darken their rooms; but they have a long winter, and sunshine is as carefully excluded in cold weather as in hot; besides, I never heard that in Italy there is such an intense love of obscurity. It has happened that I have opened a blind in some of the hotels; and the chambermaid, upon entering, rushed to close it with an air of as much alarm as if the sun was shining in to the injury of some valuable picture.

THE HEAR-BOYS; Or, The History and Adventures of a Cape Farmer and his Family in the Wild Karoos of Southern Africa. By Capt. MAYNE REID, author of "The Boy Hunters," "The Young Voyageurs," &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Those of our readers who happen to feel acquainted with the Captain from his previous writings, will perceive that he has struck into a rich vein—one exactly suited to his genius. He luxuriates amid the curious, the wonderful, the beautiful; nothing delights him more than to plunge into the virgin recesses of nature, the farther off the better from the hackneyed, unpoetical ways of civilized life. He enjoys thoroughly the novel scenes, the daring achievements, the perilous combats between wild animals and their hunters, and his genuine enthusiasm at once puts the reader *en rapport*. There is every appearance of reliability in his lively descriptions of strange animals and their habits. If his pictures are true to life, information and entertainment are charmingly combined. The illustrations are of a captivating character—The Flight of Locusts, The Lion in a Fix, Haus's Encounter with the Lion, Battle Between an Elephant and a Rhinoceros, Hendrick Decoying the Ourebis, Little Jan and the Hyena, Swartboy Clinging to the Elephant, Haus besieged by a Wildebeest, The Quagga and the Hyena, Hendrick Blinding the Quagga, The Serpent and the Serpent-Eater, Totty the Hottentot, with her Broomstick among the Baboons—such is the bill of fare to a feast which boys will devour eagerly and pronounce capital reading.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE. Second Part. Or the Scientific Explanation of the Principles of Natural and Physical Science, and their Practical and Familiar Application to the Employments and Necessities of Common Life. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred and sixty engravings. By DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Published by Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia.

This volume is not intended to supersede the original work of the same name—but is a larger work of similar character; containing some *four thousand* questions and answers. It appears to be written in a clear and accurate style, and sufficient care taken to ensure correctness of statement. The usefulness of a work of this character should lead to its extensive purchase by the heads of families. The money laid out for such a mass of condensed information, would be well spent; and probably repay itself a hundred fold, in the course of a lifetime, even in a mere pecuniary sense.

☞ HOPE FOR THE HARD UP.—The insolvency of Russia is the only thing that renders her acceptance at all likely to be negotiated.—*Punch.*

A MELANCHOLY FACT.—The New York Commercial notes an unintentional joke in that very grave document, the United States Treasury Report, viz.: "We find in the enumeration among the articles which we do not import, but manufacture for ourselves, *vices of all descriptions.*"

☞ Sidney Smith used to say that an hospitable friend of his in the Highlands could always tell the state of the weather by the quantity of whiskey drunk during the day in his house, averring that the glass went up in the hand as the mercury in the thermometer went down in the hall.

☞ "This is really the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman, on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade, now," said his companion, "but I have seen one as small as two of him."

☞ SECRET WORTH.—It often happens that in the loose, thoughtless and dissipated, there is a secret radiant worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of Heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the breath of counsel and friendly exhortation, be kindled into flame.

☞ HER SPHERE.—"A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the expedition." So everywhere; man executes the performances, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

☞ A man with a moderate appetite dined at an hotel, and, after eating the whole of a young pig, was asked if he would have some pudding.—He said he didn't care much about pudding; but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

☞ Pretty Shopkeeper—"Very sorry, sir, but we have no shirts that will fit you. I will measure you for a dozen." Horrified Swell—"Good gwacious! shall I have to stwip?"

☞ SELF RICHES.—At an inn in Sweden, there was the following inscription, in English, on the wall: "You will find at Trollhatte excellent bread, meat and wine, *provided you bring them with you.*" And this will almost serve for a description of human life, so much depends upon the temper that events are met with, and on the prudence that foresees and provides against them.

☞ At Funchal, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones. A lump of chalk serves in the place of the blacking-box and brush.

☞ A gentleman (not a hundred miles from Pucklechurch) recently addressed a passionate *billet doux* to a lady, to which was added the following postscript: "Please to send a speedy answer to this, as I have somebody else in my eye!"

☞ An exchange, noticing the present of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

☞ The house of Rothschild become rich young and die old. The father of Rothschild died at the age of 103 years, and I do not know how many times a millionaire. His sons are in the habit of saying that in their family one neither sells nor dies below par—or *pa* (*au-dessous du pair on pere.*)

☞ The Grand Duchess Helen is thought likely to be elected President of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. There is precedent for the election of a woman to this office. In the days of the Empress Catharine, the infamous Princess Dashkoff sat in the chair of learning and ruled the sciences with her fan.

☞ In Russia the power of the husband over the wife is so great, that a complaint of a wife against her husband for being beaten by him, would not be admitted before a court.

☞ Differences between singular and plural. When William, Prince of Orange, landed in England, he said to the people whom he first met—"I come for your good, for all your *goods!*"

☞ MRS. LUCY STONE.—The editor of the Dayton (Ohio) Journal says: "Having seen the lady's name registered at the Phillips House as 'Miss L. Stone,' we ventured to inquire if she desired to be addressed as 'Miss Lucy Stone, or Lucy Stone Blackwell,' as the papers sometimes designated her. 'I call myself *Mrs.* Lucy Stone, sir,' was the gracious reply."

☞ MATRIMONIAL OPPORTUNITY.—The following advertisement appears in a Paris journal: "The parents of a young lady, aged 21, handsome, well educated, and possessing 4,800 francs per annum, but affected by St. Vitus's dance, offer to unite her to a doctor from 40 to 45 years old, who will pay her incessant attention."

☞ The aurora borealis occurs at an elevation, it is calculated, of about seventy miles above the earth's surface, at which elevation the air is rarified to a degree far above that afforded by our best constructed air pumps.—*Scientific American.*

☞ A REMARK.—A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money, if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

☞ WARMTH OF COLORS.—Place upon the surface of snow, as upon the window-sill, in bright daylight or sunshine, pieces of cloth of the same size and quality, but of different colors, black, blue, green, yellow, and white; the black cloth will soon melt the snow beneath it, and sink downwards; next the blue, and then the green; the yellow but slightly; but the snow beneath the white cloth will be as firm as at first.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—New York, March 6.—The steamship Baltic has arrived. The despatch sent ashore to Sandy Hook makes no mention of the Pacific, so that the presumption is that nothing had been heard of her when she sailed. Of course there was no uneasiness in England about the Pacific, as it was presumed she had reached New York, having been out from Liverpool 22 days when the Baltic sailed.

All the Envoys to the Peace Conference had arrived at Paris, and the sessions were opened on the 23rd. The confidence in the establishment of peace continued undiminished.

The excitement in the public mind relative to the American difficulty is subsiding.

The concentration of a large British force in Canada has been ordered.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 20.—Messrs. Milligan, Evans & Co., state the sales of Cotton for the three days had been 26,000 bales. The market closed dull and quiet, with prices unchanged. The sales to exporters have been 2,500 bales.

The Manchester markets are steady and unchanged.

Breadstuffs—Milligan & Evans quotes a considerable advance in breadstuffs. White wheat has advanced 1d; for Western canal flour there is an improved demand at 31s@34s. Philadelphia and Baltimore flour, 37s@38s. Ohio 38s.

The Corn market opened heavy, but improved at the close. Sales of mixed corn, 33s 6d, white 36s.

Provisions—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote provisions as slightly advanced. Pork was quiet at 61s 3d. For Beef there was an improved demand at 100s 120s for fine retail brands.

Lard was quiet, but prices are irregular, at 53s@56s.—Mess Pork, 81s@83s 6d.

Rice—The market is firm, but dull.

MONEY MARKET.—The market is more stringent; Consols have advanced, and are quoted at 90¾@90⅞. A new loan for five million pounds has been ordered.

THE LAW OF DESCENT IN RHODE ISLAND.—The opinion of the Court in Smith vs. Smith, delivered on Tuesday, settles the construction of our Statutes of Descents, as applicable to a case of not rare occurrence. A man dies possessed of real estate, leaving, say, four children. These inherit his real estate. One of these children dies, childless and intestate, and his share of the estate goes to his brothers and sisters. But then it chances that a second of the children dies, childless and intestate, and the question made in this case is presented, to wit: Do the two surviving children take the whole of the estate of the second child, as next of kin of the blood of the deceased, or is their mother entitled to share with them?

The decision of the Court is, that the mother and the brothers and sisters of the second son, under our statute, are to share in equal proportions that portion of the estate of the second son which he inherited from his brother—the brothers and sisters taking as "of the blood" that portion which he inherited from his father. This decision, it is believed, is consistent with what has ever been deemed "the better opinion" at the Bar of Rhode Island.—*Providence Jour., Feb. 25.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this was 212—Adults 87 and children 125.

The width of the Mississippi at St. Louis, Mo., is 1,900 feet at the narrowest point. The deepest water is 60 feet.

CONGRESS.

The principal business during the last week in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, was the discussion of a message from the President, transmitting and recommending to the favorable consideration of Congress a communication from the Secretary of the Navy, dated February 25th, which advises that in order to add recently perfected improvements to our arms and munitions of war, and in view of the propriety of assuring military efficiency at the earliest practicable period—*an early appropriation of three millions of dollars*, to be applied at the discretion of the President. The improvements in our muskets, which it is proposed to adapt to all of them, will enable them to carry a ball with more precision a mile than the present musket will in three hundred yards.

Considerable discussion arose as to whether this was, or was not, a War Message. It was finally referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

On the 27th, Mr. Grow, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill authorizing the people of Oregon to form a State Government preparatory to admission into the Union—and also a bill annulling the acts of the Legislative Assembly of Kansas, which requires certain oaths, including one to support the fugitive slave law, to be taken by the public officers of that territory.

In the SENATE, on the 28th, Mr. Weller reported a bill making appropriations for new fortifications.

On the 29th, the Chair laid before the Senate a Message from the President, in response to a resolution adopted on the 25th, as to whether any offer had been made by Great Britain to arbitrate concerning the construction of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty.

The Message and correspondence were read. Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Marcy, in a letter dated November 2, 1855, says that in the course of a conversation with Lord Clarendon, he observed to him that the most serious difficulties between the two Governments might arise out of the Central American questions. Lord Clarendon said that when two Governments disagreed about the construction of a Treaty, the best and most natural mode was to refer the question to a third power. At an early period of the negotiations, Lord Clarendon made this suggestion, but Mr. Buchanan jocularly replied that the Emperor of Russia was the only power sufficiently independent to act as an impartial umpire in the case, and England had gone to war with him.

Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Marcy, November 21st, writes similar to the above, adding: "I urged on Lord Clarendon, as strongly as I could, the reasons which I thought ought to induce the British Government to relinquish the Bay Islands to Honduras. Lord Clarendon replied, that these Islands have not the least value to Great Britain, and the only question with them was whether the national honor did not forbid this course.

Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Marcy, November 29th, says: "I had an interview yesterday with Lord Clarendon, by appointment. He then said the best mode to settle the question was by arbitration. I replied there was nothing to arbitrate. He said the true construction of the Treaty was a proper subject for arbitration. I told him I did not consider it a question for construction at all. The language was plain and explicit, and I thought this would be the almost unanimous opinion of the American people, but that in writing you, I should mention what he had now said, as I had done what he had said at our first interview."

A letter from Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Marcy, dated Feb. 6th inst., says: "Ere this can reach Washington, you will have read speeches delivered by Lords Derby and Clarendon, in the House of Lords, on Thursday evening, which will speak for themselves. Lord Clarendon says, in relation to Central American affairs,—'In such a case correspondence was useless, and I lost no time in offering to refer the whole question to the arbitration of any third power, both sides agreeing to be bound by the decision. That offer has not been accepted, and I hope, upon further consideration, the Government of the United States will agree to it.'" Mr. Buchanan resumed: "It is, therefore, proper to state, as a matter of fact, that I have reported to you, in the most faithful manner, every conversation which has passed between Lord Clarendon and myself upon this subject of a reference of these questions to a friendly power. As I have never learned that the British Government had made any such offer to the Government of the United States, through Mr. Crampton, I infer his Lordship must have referred to the general conversation between him and myself, which would, by no means, justify the broad terms of his statement. Thus much merely to vindicate the truth of history."

Mr. Crampton writes to Mr. Marcy on Feb. 27th, that he had *overlooked* a note to a despatch sent to him by Lord Clarendon, dated Nov. 30th, instructing him to lay said despatch before the American Government. Said despatch says: "I again assured him (Mr. Buchanan) that England had no wish to extend her influence or obtain any territory in that part of the world, and reminded him that as the difference between this country and the United States turned solely upon the interpretation of the treaty of 1850, I had offered, on the part of her Majesty's Government, to submit the case to the arbitration of a third power, but that he had declined the offer. Her Majesty's Government, I said, would still abide by that offer, and thought it would be the fairest and most amicable manner of arriving at a settlement of the question. Mr. Buchanan said he would make it known to his Government, and you are instructed to communicate this despatch to Mr. Marcy."

Mr. Seward said this correspondence placed the subject of Central American affairs in a light somewhat different from what it occupied when the debate commenced. As the case stood when submitted by the President, the communications between the two Governments consisted of arguments, able and deliberate, on both sides, maintaining their respective positions regarding the construction of the Treaty—the United States demanding the fulfillment of it, and Great Britain quite as positively, he might say, somewhat offensively, refusing compliance. Under these circumstances, he thought it his duty to express his opinions, and his decided concurrence in the position this Government had assumed. It now appears that Great Britain is willing to arbitrate. He congratulated the Senate on the more pacific and pleasing prospect concerning this changing, but still most important, question. As to the enlistment case, the correspondence shows that the British Government may, with plausibility, and perhaps conscientiously, say they had tendered what was regarded by them in the nature of an apology, which they may have considered as broad and as full as it was consistent with the honor of that Government to make. The President and Secretary of State may have thought the acknowledgment not sufficiently explicit, but it is equally certain that Lord Clarendon thought he had probably made all the apology which could be made by a power jealous of her dignity and honor. The point of difference is the effect of the language used. It is enough to form the subject of discussion between the parties, and the fact counsels against the assumption, which would be a violent one, that Great Britain has not made an explanation which ought to be satisfactory.

Mr. Pearce did not concur with the Senator, and was not willing that Mr. Seward's opinion should go to the country as the deliberate views of the Senate. Such an apology as we should claim from Great Britain has not been made. The disclosures in the correspondence on our part, exhibit a manliness of spirit and frankness of which all should be proud. He was sorry that no such spirit characterized Great Britain. Not only has no satisfactory apology been made, but the language used by the British Secretary amounts to taunts, and is therefore offensive. Lord Clarendon says that the United States have resorted to means to obtain evidence against her Majesty's servants or their agents, by practices sometimes resorted to under despotic institutions, but which are disclaimed by all free and enlightened Governments. Mr. Pearce said he was not the advocate of war, and hoped we would maintain peace; but he should never acknowledge that the correspondence furnishes any satisfactory apology for what has been done by Great Britain. The power which invoked us to be neutral was the first to violate the neutrality.

Mr. Stuart remarked that, notwithstanding Lord Clarendon's speech in the House of Lords, it turns out by the correspondence submitted to-day, that no proposition for arbitration was ever submitted to Mr. Buchanan.—Nor is there any thing in the despatch from Lord Clarendon to Mr. Crampton which comes up to that point. It seemed that Lord Clarendon had given the British people to understand that the Government had assumed a generous position by offering arbitration, which we declined, and which will be renewed. Inasmuch as Great Britain does not intend to live up to that Treaty, he confessed to a strong inclination in his mind to abrogate it.

Mr. Seward said that he had expressed no opinion that the British explanations ought to be satisfactory. He intended to show that Lord Clarendon disavowed any intentional affront, and that it should not be a foregone conclusion that nothing in the shape of an apology had been made.

Mr. Mason said that a grave offence had been committed against this Government by Great Britain. It will be found in some measure, and to some extent, that Great Britain has lent itself to a violation of its obligations to this country, under international relations, and violated our domestic laws, made for the protection of our own peace and safety. He understood Mr. Seward to say that some apology was made by Great Britain for her offence. Mr. Mason conceived an apology to be this: as between gentlemen as nations. When a gentleman does wrong, and desires to make reparation, he apologises, admits the wrong frankly and ingeniously, without reservation, and places himself where he would have stood if the wrong had not been committed. He evinces an honorable purpose. Mr. Mason submitted to the honorable Senator, (Mr Seward) whether such an apology had been made. On the contrary, such an explanation as has been offered adds insult to the general injury. If ever a question occurred in our internal relations demanding indemnity for the past and security for the future, it was here presented. But he placed reliance on the good sense of the people of England and our own people, and when there is really no cause for war between honorable nations as between honorable men, none will arise. This he took for granted, and the people of both sides of the Atlantic will make up their minds jointly on the same terms.

Mr. Mason moved that the printing of the British enlistment documents be increased to 10,000 copies, and the same number of those received to-day, both in the form of one volume. The motion was agreed to. The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

NEWS ITEMS.

A lawyer in Chicago, on Wednesday week, was fined $25 for contempt of court. The contempt consisted in the lawyer saying, in a violent manner, that he had received an indignity from the court, and that, "if the judge was upon the floor instead of the bench, he would give him what he deserved."

KING BIRDS.—It is a fact that they do eat bees. That is settled. And it is almost indisputably settled that these birds never touch a working bee. They pick out the drones and destroy them, as all drones should be. These are beautiful birds, and should never be destroyed, because they are both ornamental and useful to the farmstead.

One of the largest Eastern manufacturing companies, for the purpose of securing greater confidence from the public in the management of their affairs, have appointed a committee of shareholders for each month in the year to examine monthly, in turn, the books, accounts and vouchers of the corporation, and report to the Board.

The Newburyport (Mass.) Herald states that there are in that county 22 mills, with 244,072 spindles, consuming in a year 14,426,606 pounds of cotton, producing goods to the value of 6,000,292 dollars, and affording constant employment to 5,235 operatives—1,549 males, 3,686 females.

COMMANDER RITCHIE.—The court martial in the case of this naval officer found him guilty, and sentenced him to be reprimanded by the Secretary of the Navy. We were yesterday shown a letter from the latter officer, in which he notified Commander Ritchie that he had disapproved the finding of the Court, and that he, Ritchie, was restored to his rank in the Navy.—*North American.*

The ice in the Missouri river broke up Feb. 27th, destroying and sinking eleven steamboats and a great number of smaller craft.

The navigation of the Ohio is now fully opened, and steamers are running. There are 25 feet of water in the channel.

DIVERSITY OF CLIMATE IN CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman from Crescent City, informed me Feb. 1st, that he left there Jan. 20th, and travelling with snow shoes, he could go but six miles per day for four days, the snow being from 15 to 30 feet deep. At the same time in San Francisco and Contra Costa counties, strawberries were ripening in the open air, and the tables of the epicure are supplied with an abundance of fresh grown vegetables.

A LADY'S DESCRIPTION.—A lady correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says of the French Empress: "No one that knows the Empress could wish her aught but happiness. The dress worn was of black velvet; a demi-train, a large black shawl; the hat composed of black velvet, garnished with petit plumes arranged across the back of the crown, inside the brim a full plain tulle border of white, with the little coquettish bow of black velvet ribbon that a French lady fancies so much, placed slightly to the left side—her costume being very neat and elegant." Who "could wish aught but happiness" to a lady so becomingly dressed?

Jute is an Indian grass extensively imported, especially into Liverpool, for the purpose of being made into bagging for cotton. It is manufactured from the raw material into bagging, which is sent to America; returns to England covering the cotton; and is finally sold to the paper makers. It is proposed to convert jute into paper from its original state; and for this purpose an application, founded on experiments recently made public, has been made for a patent.

Mr. John Forster, author of the admirable "Life of Goldsmith," and other popular books, has been gazetted in England as Secretary to the Commission of Lunacy—a place worth £800 a year, and involving a residence in London. Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) is a member of the Commission with a salary of £1,500.

Samuel Williams, a colored man, sold his farm near Clear Spring, Md., last week, containing near 600 acres, for seven thousand dollars, to John Pearl. The Hagerstown Mail says:—Williams was a slave at forty years of age, bought himself, has raised twenty-five children, four of whom he bought and manumitted. He is now in his seventy-first year, and is a stout, tall, and intelligent looking old man. He is now in independent circumstances. Most of his children are in the West, and the rest of them all desire to go to the same country, so the old man has consented, although fond of this county, to "pull up stakes" and follow them.

CURIOUS COMBINATION.—The London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette reports the arrival at Exmouth, December 18, of the No One, Cantell, from Jersey. Whether or not the vessel was named in a sportive freak with reference to the peculiarity of the captain's name no one can tell.

Mr. Crampton has written a note to the edit

HERR VON MEYER.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE AUSTRIAN POLICE.

Many an Englishman who has been annoyed by the Austrian police, will have a sort of gratification in reading what happened to me with the police of Vienna, during the time of Prince Metternich's government. My story is of such a whimsical description, that one might rather expect to meet with it in the pages of a romance than at the office of a magistrate in one of the capitals of Europe; still, it is literally true.

I am a Hungarian, a resident of Pesth. My business had called me to Vienna, whence, after a stay of several days, I was to return to Pesth to meet a merchant, who, in a lawsuit of importance, had to receive my legal advice. Having prepared everything for my departure, and purchased my ticket for the steamer, which started early in the morning of the next day, I looked for my passport and could not find it. I took a great deal of trouble, searched all my things over and over again—for I wanted the passport, in order to obtain a certificate by the police that I was allowed to depart with the steamer—but the wretched bit of paper was not to be found. What was I to do? My first idea was to try whether I might get my certificate of permission to depart without the passport. I appeared at the office of the police, stated my case, and said that, having sent my passport in the office, where it was registered, I expected to be gratified with the certificate; but the answer was, that it could not be granted to me. It had too often happened that Hungarians had given their passports to Polish or Italian refugees, and, consequently, I had to satisfy the magistrate of my innocence in this respect. They were right, indeed; such transactions had often occurred; and all my lamentations about my loss, if I were forced to miss the appointed meeting, proved to be useless. I was almost driven to despair, when, even at the Hungarian chancery, no immediate remedy could be obtained. I then called upon the secretary of Prince Metternich, Herr von H———, who was a Hungarian of my acquaintance, entertaining a faint hope that he might perhaps know how to help me. He understood all about my position, the loss to which I was exposed, and, regretting sincerely my difficulty, wished earnestly to assist me. "But," said he, "the police are quite right, and could not have behaved otherwise, because they have lately received sharp instructions about passports; therefore I see only one way before me to help you out of the difficulty. If you will make use of my intimation, you must pledge your *parole d'honneur* that for at least two years from to-day you will be silent about it."

"Well," said I, "with the greatest pleasure, for you see I must have my certificate."

"Now, then," continued he, "listen to me. Go back to the office of the police, and speak to them as insolently as you can. Being a Hungarian, you will find that easy enough. If, then, you find that even such language does not promote your affair, address the magistrate with the following words: 'Do you know, sir, that I am determined not to speak any more to you? I wish to speak to Herr von Meyer.' You will see this make a wonderful impression."

With thanks, I took my leave of Herr von H———, jumped into a cab, in order to spare my lungs for the police, and arrived well prepared to let them feel the full weight of my anger.

"Well, sir," said I, entering the office, and speaking as harshly as possible, "have you considered my affair, and shall I have my certificate?"

The man and the clerks stared at me in wonder. At last one of them said I had received their answer, and it must be so.

"What!" cried I, increasing my rage, which I had to act, "you mean to continue your infamous conduct! Bassama! Is that a treatment for Hungarians who are fully accredited with you? I shall certainly not submit to such an abuse of authority, and must tell you once more I *demand* my certificate."

"I'll tell you, sir, you are grossly mistaken if you mean to effect anything by insolence."

"You call my right insolence; but I will show you—"

Now the magistrate got angry, and shouted:

"Hold your tongue, sir! or I will show you into a residence which you certainly shall not prefer to your hotel."

"Oh," said I, being at the end of my insolence, "do you know, sir, that I am determined not to speak any more to you? *I wish to speak to Herr von Meyer!*"

The words had an instantaneous effect; the countenances of the clerks, and even that of the magistrate, were changed; they winked, and whispered; a messenger left the room, and one minute after, the chief of the police entered, came up to me, and said:

"Console yourself, Herr von J———. You shall have your certificate."

Such a wonder the name of Herr von Meyer had worked, and the anticipation of Herr von H——— proved to be correct. I received my permission to start, and arrived in time at Pesth.

You may imagine how often during my passage, and afterwards, I asked myself: "But who may be this mysterious Herr von Meyer, who holds the police under the spell of his name? However, there was no solution of the enigma, and I had, moreover, pledged myself to be silent at least for two years about it. In the meantime, I fell in with a book, in which also the name of Herr von Meyer was mentioned as that of a person of great influence and patronage; and I said to myself, Should this man perhaps be the 'rosy Meyer!' a clever fellow, whom I had known as a student at Jena. Unfortunately, Meyer is a name like Smith and Baker, and all my studies and inquiries did not help me out of the darkness.

At last, during the revolution, I met again Herr von H———, who had joined our common cause; and my first conversation with him turned upon the kind service he had rendered me some years ago in Vienna.

He gave a hearty laugh, and said: "And you really do not yet know who Herr von Meyer was?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Well, then, I must tell you: Herr von Meyer was the watchword for the police of that day when you called upon me."

Now, indeed the mystery was cleared up. They took me for one of the body, because I knew their secret, and considered that I had a good reason for the insolence I lavished upon them. Herr von H——— knew his men; and I wish everybody who incurs difficulties with the police at Vienna, to be protected by such an influential man as Herr von Meyer.

SINGLE LEGGED LADIES.—The "received position" among the ladies of Smyrna is to sit with one leg on the sofa bent under them, and the other hanging over the edge—(the sofas are far too high for it to touch the ground). You will see in this strange attitude, half a dozen ladies sitting side by side on a long sofa; and a Frenchman, who saw, for the first time in his life, this unipedal exhibition, had reason to ask, "Whether the fair ladies of Smyrna had but one leg?"

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

We announced in our last, the death of this gifted and estimable lady, on the 11th of February, at Marianna, Florida. We have thought that the above portrait—engraved from a likeness by her husband—for which we are indebted to Mrs. Hale's "Woman's Record," and the accompanying biographical notice, would prove interesting to the reading community.

Mrs. Hentz, whose maiden name was Caroline Lee Whiting, was a lineal descendant of the Rev. Samuel Whiting, the famous minister, of Lynn, whose history is so closely identified with early colonial times. She was born in Lancaster, in Massachusetts, where some of her relatives now reside, and was the daughter of General John Whiting, who served in the Revolutionary army, and who died at Washington in 1810. She was also a sister of the late General Henry Whiting, who was no less distinguished for his services in the army, than for his literary attainments.

In 1825, Miss Caroline Lee Whiting married Mr. N. M. Hentz, a French gentleman, who afterwards accepted a professorship in the College at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. From thence they removed to Covington, Kentucky, and here Mrs. Hentz wrote her successful tragedy for a prize of five hundred dollars, entitled "De Lara, or the Moorish Bride." This play was performed many nights with applause at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia. After residing some time at Covington, Mr. Hentz, with his family, removed to Cincinnati, where Mrs. Hentz became distinguished in literary life. Subsequently they established a flourishing Female Seminary at Florence, Alabama, and for nearly ten years devoted their various and accomplished powers to the education of young ladies. In 1843, they transferred their school to Tuscaloosa, Florida, and in 1848, made their residence in Columbus, Georgia.

In addition to the tragedy of "De Lara," Mrs. Hentz occupied her leisure hours in contributing to various standard periodicals. For the last eight years Mrs. Hentz has devoted herself almost entirely to prose writings, and it is to these chiefly that she is indebted for that literary reputation which places her in a prominent rank of female writers. In 1846, she published "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," which was followed in 1848, by the "Mob Cap;" "Linda" appeared in 1850; "Rena, or the Snow Bird," in 1851; "Marcus Warland, or the Long Moss Spring," and "Eoline, or Magnolia Vale," in 1852; "Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel" about the same period; "Wild Jack" and "Helen and Arthur," in 1853. In 1854, Mrs. Hentz published "The Planter's Northern Bride," in two volumes. Two of the above were written expressly for this paper.

It is generally true that "authors should be read—not known." Mrs. Hentz is said to have been an exception, and not only gifted as a writer, but in her person and manner. A distinguished person, once writing about Mrs. Hentz, used the following language:

"Never met I a more fascinating person. Mind is enthroned on her noble brow, and beams in the flashing glances of her radiant eyes. She is tall, graceful and dignified, with that high-bred manner which ever betokens gentle blood. She has infinite tact and talent in conversation, and never speaks without awakening interest. As I listened to her eloquent language I felt she was indeed worthy of the wreath of immortality which fame has given in other days and other lands, to a De Genlis, or to a De Sevigne.

"She has great enthusiasm of character, the enthusiasm described by Madame De Stael as '*God within us*'—the love of the good, the holy, the beautiful. She has neither pretension, nor pedantry, and although admirably accomplished, and a perfect classic and belles-lettres scholar, she has all the sweet simplicity of an elegant woman. There is a refinement, delicacy, and poetic imagery in all her historietts touchingly delightful. A calm and holy religion is mirrored in every page. The sorrow-stricken mourner finds therein the sweet and healing balm of consolation, and the bitter tears cease to flow when she points to that better land, where the loved and the lost are waiting for us. She exalts all that is good, noble and generous in the human heart, and gives to even the clouds of existence a sunny softness, like the dreamy light of a Claude Lorraine picture."

The last production of Mrs. Hentz's pen is "Ernest Linwood," published in Boston on the very same day that the telegraphic account of her death was received. We have not read it, but we find it characterized as follows in the Boston Transcript:—"Its characters are finely drawn, and Mrs. Hentz seems to have dipped her pen in the fountains of the human heart, and with a wizard's wand laid bare the various and conflicting passions of our nature. The sound moral tone which is always found in all her works, is powerfully predominant in 'Ernest Linwood.' Its closing part seems written with a pen of prophecy, foreshadowing her own departure." This being her last work, it doubtless will be perused with great interest and sympathy by her numerous friends and admirers.

GEORGIAN SHEPHERDS AND THEIR HELPERS.—The difference between the European and the Asiatic shepherd has often been remarked by Oriental travellers, but probably in no country are these more striking than as they presented themselves to M. Haxthausen (whose travels were recently published,) on his road back to Teflis.—Not only were the shepherds of several flocks he passed armed to the teeth and on horseback, but even their dogs disdained the office which, in more peaceful countries, belongs to them, of driving the flock. Five or six noble hounds, of a mixed breed, between the greyhound and the wolf, accompanied each flock, but only for the purpose of protecting them against wild beasts.—The humbler duties which fall to the lot of our sheep-dogs are performed by goats. These attend every flock of sheep, and form a ring around it in the fields. Within this they compel the sheep to remain, butting at them whenever they stray, and driving them back to their proper quarters. On their return home, a stately buck-goat marches proudly at the head of the flock, which follows him, with the other goats on either side. If the leader is detained behind from any cause, the next goat in age and rank instantly takes his place, and becomes the leader.

☞ Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

A TIGER HUNT;

OR, LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM H. THOMES.

About forty miles from Manilla, near a long range of mountains which take their rise on the sea-coast, and extend through the island of Luson, is an extensive jungle, which is thickly studded with a dense growth of small trees or brushwood, and long dried grass, where hundreds of animals lay secreted during daylight, and come forth at night to seek their prey, and make darkness hideous with their howls and roars of rage and hunger.

In this jungle, where none but the most adventurous sportsmen intrude, and never alone, a small species of *leopardo*, or tiger, finds a sure cover after a successful forage, during which the animal makes sad havoc among the cattle of the natives, destroying wantonly, even after its appetite has been fully satisfied by its thirst for blood.

The *leopardo* is a powerful animal; although smaller than the Java tiger, it possesses all of its activity and much of its boldness and ferocity.—With long tushes, which look strong enough to masticate iron, and paws armed with terrible claws, capable of stripping the flesh from a limb with a single blow, it is no wonder they are dreaded by the natives, and suffered to continue their warfare unchecked, excepting through the agency of pits or a rude species of trap, made of wood resembling iron in its consistency. Even the latter are often torn to pieces by the fierce brute, who never ceases, from the moment he finds that he is a prisoner, to work with teeth and claw, to relieve himself from his unpleasant predicament. I have seen the hard wood splintered like a spruce log after being struck by a flash of lightning; and the mark of the animal's teeth resembled the work of a cross-cut saw.

The pits, or holes dug in the ground about ten feet deep, and covered over with light brush, upon which are placed pieces of strongly tainted meat, are the only sure means of destroying the pests; yet such is the indolence of the natives, they had rather suffer than incommode themselves by a few hours' labor, and so thin off the fierce denizens of the jungle.

My friend, Don Arturo, had, about three years before my arrival in Manilla, purchased a large tract of land in the immediate vicinity of the jungle, where he planted about twenty thousand trees, for the purpose of raising coffee, an excellent variety of the berry being exported from the island. The Government, a few years since, offered a premium to any one who would engage in the speculation, hoping to be able to compete with Java, and perhaps drive the Dutch from the field.

The Don was enthusiastic in regard to his plantation, and at his pressing request Mr. Allen and myself one day offered to accompany him to the farm and witness the improvements. We were the more ready to go because we thought there might be a chance for a little sport in the tiger-hunting line; large stories of the animal's ferocity and daring passing quite current among the European residents of Manilla.

A number of servants were ordered to pack up bedding, provisions, ammunition and rifles, and the whole was started off in a cart, drawn by four stout buffalo. We allowed them three days to reach their destination, and then, one bright morning, we bid our pretty hostess farewell, and started on horseback for the plantation, where we intended to remain a week or ten days.

We galloped that day over the most beautiful portion of the island—we forded the streams that ran silently by green banks whose bright verdure never faded from one year's end to the other; we halted under tall cocoa-nut trees, and tempted the monkeys to hurl the fruit at us by way of revenging themselves for the grimaces which we made at them; we plucked ripe bananas, and squeezed the juice of sweet oranges into our claret, each of us having taken the precaution to provide a bottle for the purpose of moistening our lips on the way; and at length heartily tired of pleasure, we hailed with joy the keeper's house, and were welcomed to the coffee plantation of Don Arturo.

"Some supper," cried the Spaniard, as he dismounted from his horse. "Give us supper, you villains, and don't be fifteen minutes providing it. Something light—coffee, fried eggs, and tomatoes, curried rice and chicken, dried beef and shrimps, stuffed game, and don't forget the wine. Let it be cooling for the evening lunch."

"Everything is ready, senor," replied the overseer; "we have expected you for the last half-hour, and supper has waited that time."

"Ah," grunted the Don, as he limped into the house prepared for us—forty miles of riding having made the old man stiff—"Ah! there is nothing like sending word and provisions at the same time. But tell me, how comes on the trees? Do they flourish?"

"Exceedingly well, senor," replied the overseer.

"And the cattle; has the stock increased?"

"Not largely, senor. We have been unfortunate."

"How?" cried the Spaniard; "do you pretend to say that my imported cows are not well?"

"Until last night they thrived; but——"

"But what?" roared the Spaniard.

"The cursed tigers killed a cow and calf last night, senor."

The expression of Don Arturo's face at that moment was a puzzle. He wanted to scold the overseer for what the poor man could not help, and he longed to accuse him of cowardice, yet feared that the native would request his assistance in helping him to rid the plantation of the brutes.

"Why have you not built traps?" asked the Spaniard at length.

"I made two, but they tore them to pieces," replied the man.

"And pits—why have you not dug pits?"

"I feared that the cattle would fall into them instead of the tigers, senor."

"You feared no such thing," cried the Don. "You are too lazy to dig them, although I allow you a dozen men to attend to the trees."

"If the senor would but spend a few days in hunting the brutes while he is here, the plantation would soon be freed," the man said.

"Me?" queried the Don; "I come here to look after trees, not tigers."

"But the senor sent his rifle, and the servants tell me that he has killed a fierce alligator and a huge boa-constrictor without help."

"Well, well, I'll think about it," replied the Spaniard, considerably modified by the flattery.

The supper was served, and after a hearty meal, we strolled about the plantation until the falling dew warned us to seek shelter in the house.

During the night we heard the fierce roaring of a couple of tigers as they wandered around the cattle-pen; but we were too tired and sleepy to pay that attention to them that their merits deserved. Allen, to be sure, raised his head and listened for a few minutes, as though undecided whether he should risk a shot; but before he could make up his mind, he again dropped off to sleep, and did not wake till morning.

At daylight we found that a young heifer had been killed and partly eaten. The sight rendered the Don furious. He swore by all his patron saints that he would dig pits on every rod of his land, and use up all the wood on the island building traps, but that he would exterminate the tigers from the jungle.

"Now is our time," whispered Charley. "Let us ask him to accompany us on a tiger-hunt while he is in his present humor."

"But he will refuse."

"No, he won't; his blood is up, and until he gets cool he will not care for fifty tigers."

"Why not organize a band of the natives, and have a hunt to-day. We can accompany them, and perhaps with a few lucky shots prevent your cattle from being troubled for some time to come," I said, speaking in a loud voice, so that the overseer and his assistants could hear me.

"An excellent plan," replied the overseer; "I can spare eight or ten of the men."

"But you shall go also," cried the Spaniard.

"The trees require attention just at the present time. The moon is in its full, and not a day should be lost," the overseer said, attempting to frame some excuse to stay at home.

"The trees may suffer," exclaimed the Spaniard, who was glad to find somebody more reluctant than himself. "Get my rifle ready, and see that we have refreshments. Go you must, and every one on the plantation accompanies us."

The overseer would have further remonstrated, but an impatient look cut him short, and with a long face he started off to obey the Don's orders.

In an hour's time we were armed, and ready for the hunt. Our rifles were tried, to be certain that they were not injured by their rough ride on the team, while the natives were armed with their long sharp knives, and poles about twelve feet in length, terminating at the end with points of iron, which they used as spears, and could throw with wonderful accuracy, hitting a mark the size of a man's hand at the distance of thirty paces, so that a tiger, we thought, would stand no kind of a chance, if one showed itself.

By the advice of one of the men, who had the care of the cattle, we struck across the plantation, and emerged near the edge of the jungle. Trails of the brutes were quite distinct; and a tolerably good dog, a cross of the hound and mastiff, which we had taken with us, began to exhibit signs of impatience; while the natives hung back and declined to enter the thicket. Even Don Arturo, whom we had by acclamation elected leader, thought we had better postpone the trip until the next day, when he said we should feel more fresh, and in better hunting humor; and, if the truth must be told, when I saw the prints of the tiger's claws, I wished that the Spaniard's advice might be taken, although I didn't dare confess it, for fear of being ridiculed by Allen, who pushed on ahead, and encouraged the Don and natives, by declaring that a tiger would never dare to face such a formidable body of men.

With some difficulty he managed to get the men to separate, and advance into the jungle, in the form of a crescent, intending to drive the game before us, until we reached an open place, where the herdsman informed us we cold sit and shoot as many of the animals as we pleased, provided the natives would only beat the bushes, which I was strongly inclined to think they would not do. We had not advanced more than twenty or thirty paces before the dog commenced barking; then we heard the crackling and rustling of dried grass; and presently a roar, that caused us to look to the priming of our rifles, and made our blood boil through our veins, and glance with some slight degree of apprehension at each other, as though requiring support in case of necessity. The dog answered the roar with a howl, and then came limping towards us with a frightful wound near his fore-shoulder. The skin had been stripped off nearly a foot square, as clean as though a knife had been passed over the parts, and the raw flesh and sinews were laid bare. Singular as it may appear, but little blood flowed from the wound, and the poor dog, with a whimper, seated himself, and tried to lick the spot where the tiger's claw had torn him.

"Let us consider on this," cried Don Arturo, suddenly halting.

The Spaniard was but a few paces from Allen and myself—while the natives, as we thought, were spread out on each side, having been beating the bushes with their long poles, although for the last few minutes we had heard nothing of them.

Before we had time to answer Don Arturo's remark, two fierce roars, which followed each other like claps of thunder, came directly from the Spaniard's side; and then he saw a pair of eyes gleaming through the grass that looked like green globes, and just below the eyes was a mouth with the lips drawn back, revealing long white tushes, covered with foam.

"*Mi dios preservar*," muttered the Spaniard, dropping his gun, and staggering towards us as though intoxicated, while his face turned pallid with fear.

He had hardly uttered the last word before I saw the tiger make a bold leap, high in the air, and alight within a few feet of the Don. With another roar, that awoke the echoes of that vast jungle, and which was answered by a dozen animals of the same species, apparently within a few rods of us, the tiger crouched for a spring upon the luckless Don. For an instant, I would not have given a farthing for his life. I forgot that I carried a rifle—I could think of nothing but the terrible leap and fierce eyes of the brute, as he crouched there, with his legs drawn well under him, and his glistening teeth displayed through his half-opened mouth; and then I was awakened from my stupor by hearing the report of Allen's rifle—and I saw the tiger roll over and over, beating down the dry grass and stunted bushes, in his struggles, and biting his thick hide in his fury.

"Thank God, Charley, you have saved the Don's life," I cried, while the Spaniard only crossed himself, and muttered confused prayers.

"There's another one to come," Allen shouted, ramming down a bullet hurriedly.

Sure enough, the cries of the wounded animal alarted the mate from her lair; and with an angry roar for revenge, she broke through the grass, and crouching by the side of her nearly lifeless mate, surveyed us for a moment, as though demanding who had inflicted the injury.

"Fire first," I heard somebody whisper at my elbow, and I drew up my rifle and let drive. A shriek of rage and pain came from the brute; she struggled to her feet, and strove to draw herself towards us, but failing to do that, she rooted upon her belly, and looked the rage she felt. The bullet had broken one of her fore and hind legs.

In a few moments we gazed at each other; and then Allen, moved by compassion, put an end to her sufferings. The death of the female ended our tiger-hunting expedition for that day. We found in the lair of the animals, three young tigers, not much larger than lap-dogs, and playful as kittens. They were taken to the plantation, and for some time remained on the estate, but at length getting too ferocious, they were sold to an Englishman, and went to London, for the Zoological Gardens of that city. The Spaniard recovered his presence of mind as soon as all danger was over, and soundly rated the natives for running at the first growl of a tiger, although for the life of me I couldn't blame them.

THE CAUSE OF CHOLERA, AND ITS REMEDY.

When the cholera first visited our country in 1832, it created universal fear, because the destroyer who struck down the old and young, the bold and strong, dealt his terrible blows suddenly and unseen, and could not be resisted. At that time many persons also feared that, like some modern fevers, cholera would never leave the country after having found a foot-hold in it. These fears have been confirmed by repeated outbreaks of this scourge since. It was believed by many, however, that even if this plague became a permanent disease among us, physicians would either discover a preventive for it, or else find such remedies as would, in a great measure nullify its fatal effects. But until the cause of this fatal disease is known, neither a sure remedy nor a certain preventive by any possibility can be discovered. To ascertain its cause, then, is the grand desideratum. Cholera has been attributed to various causes, and two theories have been put forth regarding it. One called the "geological theory," which assumes that it is connected with the geological character of a country, and the other called the "insect theory," which assumes that it is caused by small poisonous insects, inhaled during respiration, taken with food, or drank in water.—J. Franklin Reigart, Esq., has just published some views in a neat pamphlet, in which he claims to be the discoverer of the cholera insect, three microscopical views of which are now given, and are here represented by figs. 1, 2 and 3. This insect is of a dull yellow color, and quite small, being only one-fortieth of an inch long, and the one-eighth of an inch across the spread wings. Mr. R. believes it to be not only the cause of cholera, but also yellow fever; and says, "the cause of these diseases being discovered, scientific men may be enabled to stay its ravages." (the insect's.)

We would like to see these insects tested upon some animals, in the same manner chemists test poisons, in order to witness their effects upon the animal economy. Until this is done, their poisonous nature, to which the cholera is attributed, may be disputed. The views of Mr. R., however, find support in an able article on the subject by Dr. Hartshorne, a contributor to the *Medical Examiner*, Philadelphia, who asserts that "cholera is generated only in the presence of a certain unknown contingent, whose capriciousness of migration, and partial subjection to temperature and other habitudes, suggest the probability of the animalcular hypothesis."

A short time after we first published the views of Mr. Reigart, we received a communication from John Lea, of Cincinnati, the author of the "geological theory of Cholera," his discovery dated as far back as 1832. He attributed the cause of cholera to lime water, which Mr. Reigart believes is an antidote. Their views are therefore antagonistic. He asserts that it has always been most virulent in the limestone districts, while it passes over the primitive formation of New England. He believes that rain water as a drink is a preventive, and that the inhabitants in every city supplied with rain water will never suffer from its ravages. Dr. Hartshorne and Mr. Reigart believe that cholera is connected with the decay of organic matter, in which a poison is generated, and that by preventing such decomposition taking place in exposed places, the cause of this disease will be removed.

As the cholera in past years has visited a number of places in the south-west and west early in the spring season, the foregoing views should now claim the attention of persons living in those parts of our country. They should be very careful to bury organic matter left on the earth's surface during cold weather, which is liable to undergo a rapid change when the warm season opens. They should also be very careful to use no impure water, for the purposes of cooking and drinking. Great good may result, and no harm can arise from following these precautionary measures.

The cholera has not been strictly confined to the limestone formations, nor have districts on the primitive formations been exempt from it; at least, this was the case in New York State during the year 1854. The experience of that year was not favorable to the "geological theory." The experiments of Dr. Thomson, of London, in St. Thomas' Hospital in 1854, seem to be in favor of the insect theory. He weighed a cubic foot of air in August, 1854, when the cholera was raging, and its gravity was 525·8 grains; the same quantity of air in August, 1855,—a healthy month—weighed 528·5 grains. Thus the air was heavier in London when the cholera prevailed, and this was also the case in other places; it also confirmed the experiments made in the cholera season of 1832 by Dr. Prout. Dr. Thompson then took a blower and forced a great quantity of air from a large room in the Hospital, filled with cholera patients, through Woolf's bottles, containing distilled water, so that he was able to retain matter suspended in the atmosphere, and then examine it. It was examined with a microscope, and found to contain fibres from the clothes of the cholera patients, hair, fungi, sporules of fungi, and an abundance of vibriones, or lower forms of animal life. When the same room was but partially filled with cholera patients the atmosphere was treated in the same manner; then the vibriones were very few; and when the room was empty no vibriones could be detected in the air. By applying the same means to force air from a neighboring sewer through distilled water, it was found to swarm with vibriones, in various stages of advancement. The following are Dr. Thompson's conclusions on the subject:

"These experiments render it obvious that organic living bodies constantly surround us in close apartments. They fail to point out any matter capable of communicating cholera from one person to another through the medium of the air, (not infectious by the air,) and so far, are important to the public; but they show that foreign animal matter, injurious to health, may speedily be concentrated in certain localities which will, undoubtedly, assist in the production and propagation of the disease, in conjunction with meteorological conditions."

A chemical examination of the atmosphere during epidemics, in many places, has failed to detect any cause of disease. The only proper method to examine the atmosphere is that pursued by Dr. Thomson. Our physicians would do well to follow up his investigations.—*Scientific Amer.*

TO THOSE WHO DECRY TALES AND NOVELS.—George W. Curtis recently delivered a lecture on literature, in which he took occasion to speak in the following terms on fiction:

Objection to fiction is objection to the most instinctive play of the human mind. Fiction is no more to be explained or defended than the sunset or the rose. If anybody objects to novels in the abstract, he objects to man. It is no more waste of time to read a good novel than to read a good poem, or look at a fine sunset, or yield to a noble instinct. I have heard sad-eyed clergymen publicly denounce fiction as such to young men, and then preach croaking sermons on the parables. But Sir Walter Scott himself could belie his art. He says:—"We are inclined to think that the worst evil to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to engender a distaste for real history or useful literature, &c." But is it to be supposed that Scott sincerely believed that mankind were to be more improved by reading the real history of Messalina or Cleopatra, or of Catharine, than by reading the history of Rebecca? Did he prefer as a moralist that his daughters should read the memoirs of the Duc de Grammont, or Charles the Second, or any other King, rather than the fictitious history of Sir Roger de Coverly? Did he not know that the excellence of a novel is the excellence of nature, or any other great work of art, and that his own Jennie Deans is as real in herself and as influential on the human mind as Judith or Queen Elizabeth? All history becomes fiction in the advance of time.

How many characters have we of Oliver Cromwell, and which are we to accept as the true one? Probably history is less true to nature, on the whole, than fiction. Clio is such a high-stepping muse that she goes over just what we want to know. Personal memoirs, which approach much nearer to fiction in their nature, always charm and instruct us. There is no doubt that the history of Robinson Crusoe would help a boy on his way through life much better than any history of Oliver Cromwell. Goodness is never imaginative. History and fiction are only two ways of putting a fact. We are just as sorry to see Iago succeed as to see Leonidas fall. For us, both Iago and Leonidas are real men.

The great artists decry their art, but the art remains. What a man does seems insignificant to himself, because his best work he does most easily. Raphael paints the Transfiguration, but envies the shoemaker's skill. The great artists decry their art, but, I say, their art remains. And whether it be painting, or poetry, or sculpture, or music, or fiction, its purpose is still the purpose of all art—the moral education of the race.

TOO MUCH BUSINESS.—This is a world of indexible commerce; nothing is ever given away, but everything is bought and paid for. If, by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits, we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfaction of which the mind is the region and the resource. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to its delicious whirl. He says to himself, "I will think of nothing but business until I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books, and pictures, and friends. I will have knowledge, taste, and cultivation, the perfumes of scholarship, and winning speech and graceful manners. I will see foreign countries, and converse with accomplished men. I will drink deep of the fountain of classic lore. Philosophy shall guide me; history shall instruct me, and poetry shall charm me. Science shall open to me her wonders. I shall then remember my present life of drudgery as one recalls a dream when the morning has dawned." He keeps his self-registered vow. He bends his thoughts downwards and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes, in letters which he who runs may read, "No admittance except on business." In time he reaches the goal of his hopes; but now insulted nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural is now natural to him. The enforced restraint has now become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken. He can no longer lift his thought from the ground. Books and knowledge, an wise discourse and the amenities of art, and the cordiality of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of his soul nothing genial, graceful or winning, will cling. He cannot even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean, money getting mask which the child does not look without ceasing to smile. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth, he is like a blind man in a picture-gallery. That which he has done he must continue to do; he must accumulate riches which he cannot enjoy, and contemplate the dreary prospects of growing old without anything to make age venerable or attractive; for age without wisdom and without knowledge, is the winter cold without the summer's fire.—*Hilliard.*

SHARP PRACTICE.—An exhorter in a Methodist church, in Brooklyn, during prayer meeting carries a pack of cards in his pocket—his own business cards—and when penitents come forward to the anxious seat, he writes a Scripture text upon each oblong of pasteboard, and offers them to the convicted sinners for special contemplation. This kills two birds with one stone—advertises his business and comforts the souls of the contrite; and the good brother finds religious matters to pay extremely well. He keeps a very large crockery store, and finds this sort of advertising to be quite equal, as far as it extends, to a newspaper or circular. The good brother has waxed rich through this means, and we suggest to any sympathisers that they might follow his example with advantage.—*N. Y. Courier.*

POISONOUS TOBACCO PIPE.—A friend of mine, a youth about seventeen years of age, went into a cigar shop in this city (Bristol, Eng.) and bought a clay pipe, which he filled with tobacco, and smoked. It, however, kept slipping to his lips; and he, to prevent it, took it out of his mouth and moistened it several times, but to no purpose; as fast as he moistened it, it stuck again, and the consequences were as follows: He went to bed all right; in the morning his face was very much swollen and full of little hard lumps. He went to work on the following night, and when he awoke in the morning, his face was in a frightful state, his cheeks almost hanging on his chest. He now under the doctor."

☞ SINGULAR EFFECT OF TEARS.—If tears be dropped on a day piece of paper, stained with the juice of the petals of mallows or violets, they will change the paper to a permanently green color.

Original Poetry.

REST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hie thee, maiden, to thy bower,
Dream of truth and love.
Closing is "the sweet blue flower,"
The stars look out above.
Rest thee at the twilight hour,
And its enchantment prove.

Manhood in thy noble prime,
Rest at set of sun;
Heavy are the toils of time
But this day's work is done;
Labor is the art sublime
Of nature's nobly men.

Mother, with thy infant fair
Sleeping on thy knee,
Rest awhile, this quiet hour
Brings peace for such as thee
Thou art watchworn, pale with care,
But now let thought be free.

Wounding child that all the day
Hath played where violets lie,
Or sought in innocence to slay
The fleeting butterfly,
Rest, while so blissfully you may,
With half-closed, angel eye.

Furrowed man of many a year,
With thy thin, gray hair,
Let this hour thy spirit cheer,
Though life be hard to bear.
Twilight brings each loved one near;
Rest in thy "old arm-chair."

Christian, hath temptation sore
Vexed thee with the light;
Hast thou seen on earth the power
Of sin, and wept the sight?
Rest in faith this holy hour,
All above is bright!

M. A. RICE.

Grand Blanc, Mich.

Life in Paris.

OLIVE-BUDS UNFOLDING—A NOVEL INVESTITURE—TWO SORTS OF MORALITY—INCONSISTENCIES—COMING EVENTS—INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM—RICH AND POOR.

PARIS, Jan. 31, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The prospect of peace becomes more definite every day. Paris has been designated both by England and by Russia, as the most suitable place for the signing of the treaty, which is, in the phrase of the day, "to give peace to the world." As though with Italy, Hungary, and Poland in their present state of oppression and irritation, the world could or ought to be "at peace!" On the other hand, however, it must be admitted that the violent remedies of war, either civil or international, are at best but of very questionable benefit, and that it will be a great consolation to all right-minded people to think that the enormous preparations that have been making by the Allies to carry on the work of slaughter on a wider scale than ever, will be allowed, for the present at least, to lie in harmless inactivity.

The ceremony which took place with great pomp, on the 24th inst., at the British Embassy, when Lord Cowley, in the name of the Queen, bestowed the insignia of the Order of the Bath on several officers of the French army and navy, created a good deal of interest here. By the laws of this ancient Order, its decorations can be granted only to those who have "rendered eminent service to England;" few Frenchmen could consequently have entered this Order in times past. The ceremony began at half-past six, when Lord Cowley, wearing the mantle and collar of the Order, entered the saloon with Prince Napoleon—on whom, as on Generals Canrobert and Pelissier, the Queen had herself bestowed the insignia during her visit to this city—and took his station on a grand dais, richly embroidered with the British arms. The new brethren, including Bosquet, St. Jean d'Angely, and about a dozen others, were then brought in (singly, and each led by two sponsors) and invested by the British Ambassador with the trappings indicative of their new dignity. Many of these officers were still suffering from unhealed wounds; others were lame; others disfigured with scars. All the members of the Order who happened to be in Paris, and a few who had crossed the channel to be present on the occasion, were drawn up in state on either side of Lord Cowley. Immediately on the conclusion of the ceremony the company adjourned to the Banqueting-Hall; where a magnificent repast, at which Lady Cowley presided, offered an agreeable winding-up to the splendor of the scene.

The excitement at the Sorbonne, consequent on the appointment of M. Nisard to the Chair of Moral Science, has not yet subsided. This gentleman has been accused of having been a warm republican under the Republic, as he is now a warm Bonapartist under the present regime. This, however, is not quite true. He accepted the Republic as a fact, but not from predilection; and although he was for some time upon the staff of the *National* (a leading Republican Daily, now extinct,) he was merely a literary contributor, taking no part whatever in the political propagandism of that paper. Always a Conservative, desiring above all things the "strong government" that it is now the vogue to consider as a panacea for popular outbreaks, he rallied at once to the side of the present Ruler. In this he was probably quite consistent with himself, and certainly not inconsistent with his antecedents. But, unfortunately for the purity of his reputation, he has put forth the doctrine that "there are two kinds of morality," one being for the guidance of private, and the other of public life. This monstrous paradox had so thoroughly excited the contempt and anger of the impressionable youths who attend the Sorbonne, that the appointment of its propounder, as their teacher in the science of morality, was exceedingly unpopular. His first appearance was the signal for a storm of questions which issued from every part of the hall, inquiring "What are the two kinds of morality?" and requests from the students to "define the two." So pertinacious was the attack that Nisard, rather a nervous man, and easily flurried, completely lost all power of self-command, and stood, stock-still, and dumbfounded, unable to find a word to reply. The students, emboldened by the enemy's bewilderment, grew more and more excited, and at length raised such a clatter that the police came down upon them in earnest, arrested some thirty of them, and marched them off to prison, without the Professor having the spirit to interfere. Had he but had the tact to address a few friendly words of explanation to his excited pupils, he would no doubt have easily lulled the storm; and had he, even at the last moment, interceded for the arrested youths, and procured their liberation, he might still have recovered his credit. But he did neither; and although, as the police are now present in force whenever he lectures, all symptoms of dissatisfaction have been repressed, M. Nisard is so thoroughly detested by the majority of his class, that he would probably be one of the first to disappear should another revolution break out in this country.

While the journals here are making everybody shiver with the accounts of the snow and the cold on your side the Atlantic, brought by the late American mails, the caprices of the weather in Constantinople and the Crimea seem to be just as wild and disagreeable. The journals of that city speak of the sudden changes of the mercury as "more violent than people at a distance would be inclined to believe possible." "Last Saturday," says one of them, "was as hot as the hottest days of a Paris summer; the following Monday our streets were covered with snow, everything was frozen, and we were suffering from the sharpest cold that we have had since winter set in." The inundations referred to in my last as having occurred in so many parts of Europe, are exciting the attention of the learned, who are seeking some means of preventing these disastrous overflows. Dr. Hamilton Frichon has addressed a communication on the subject to the Imperial Agricultural Society, in which, arguing from the hypothesis that the existing rivers must have been originally formed, as they are now maintained, by the aggregation of the rain-water which flows downwards through innumerable little channels into the larger channels of the brooks and rivers of which they, and they only, are the feeders, he advises the formation of small reservoirs, with dams and floodgates, on the declivities of all hills and rising grounds. In this manner, the innumerable rills, so easily managed in their almost imperceptible beginnings, might be kept from uniting in seasons when their sudden swelling by violent rains or the melting of snow, would, but for such precautionary measures, produce these fearful inundations of the valleys. A large provision of water, now wasted even when not positively mischievous, would thus be placed at the command of the agriculturist; and, moreover, the wearing away of the soil on the banks of streams and ravines, now so injurious to the small proprietors of hilly or broken ground, would also be avoided by such a system of dams and reservoirs. A small estate belonging to this gentleman, the soil of which is exceedingly light, the surface much broken, and on which it had consequently been found impossible to grow anything but pines and heather, has been submitted by him to the influence of the system he advocates; and a very few years have sufficed to change a wilderness into an estate so fertile that the neighbors have given it the name of "the little oasis." The orchards of various kinds which have so recently been planted in this hitherto intractable bit of land are now in full bearing, and famous for the unusual excellence of their fruit.

Great preparations are being made by its parents for the reception of the Imperial heir. It is universally believed that Louis Napoleon, a confirmed fatalist, is fully persuaded that he will die a violent death at a certain date; persons who know him personally, also attribute to him this persuasion; and considering what the history of this country has been, it would seem probable enough that his anticipations on this head may be realized some day or other. Yet he evidently nourishes the idea of founding a dynasty with as much earnestness and satisfaction as though he imagined he would live for a hundred years, and transmit a consolidated empire to his great-grandson. The Empress, who is tired of being cooped up in the Tuileries, is going, it is understood, to spend some time at the charming Palace of St. Cloud, in whose delicious parks, groves, and gardens she can enjoy more privacy and freedom than in her restricted walks up and down the *Terrasse de Rohan*, a raised terrace along the top of the southern wall of the Garden of the Tuileries, which has been closed to the public, and set apart for her especial use, in conformity with the old monarchical custom which reserved this terrace as the daily promenade of the Queens of France when in a situation which is usually denominated "interesting." Many changes are being made at St. Cloud to meet the wishes of the Empress; the pretty Chateau of Villeneuve l'Etang, on the other side of the private park of St. Cloud, and of which Louis Napoleon has made a perfect little gem of a habitation, is to be the residence of the Imperial infant, for whom an apartment is also fitted up in the Tuileries, communicating with the Emperor's Cabinet. Superstition is still rife in the rural communities of this country; and as the Emperor is undoubtedly popular among the agricultural class, so great is the number of relics, charms, crucifixes, &c., all supposed to be gifted with some special virtue in cases of childbirth, which have been sent to the Empress to insure her own safety and that of her child, that all her secretaries are occupied from morning to night in acknowledging, rejecting, and, in some rare cases, where objects of real value and interest have been offered, transmitting suitable payment for the things that have been sent. Among other miscellaneous offerings is a beautiful white pigeon from the Malakoff Tower, caught and protected by an old soldier when in the act of storming that famous fortification. The old fellow has sent it as a present to the expected heir; and his story having been inquired into and found to be true, the Empress has accepted the bird, and sent the donor a handsome present in return. Preparations are also being made at Notre Dame for the coronation which it is thought will take place some time during the coming spring; and to which the restoration of peace will no doubt lend an additional eclat. A ridiculous idea which has somehow or other got into the head of the antediluvian beadle who shows visitors over Notre Dame, and who is just now assuring all who will listen to him that "the Queen of England is coming to crown the Emperor," would seem to imply that her Majesty's presence may perhaps be looked for on that occasion.

But the Emperor's attention is not restricted to the glitter of which he is so fond. The duties on woollens have been virtually, by the late measures with regard to their importation, reduced one-half. It is confidently expected that the prohibition which, previous to the Exhibition, had kept English crockery and china out of the country, will be done away with; and the duties on foreign iron are also, it is rumored, on the verge of important modifications.

Enormous public works are being undertaken, not only here, but at Marseilles, and many other of the great cities; draining, planting, &c., are also to be undertaken on a very extensive scale in the agricultural regions, by means of funds furnished, for the most part, by the great company of the Credit Mobilier. In a future letter, I may give an outline of the constitution and projects of this vast Society, which is headed by the Emperor's very clever and scheming brother, the Count de Morny, and in whose operations the Emperor himself is supposed by many to have a large stake. Its establishment may be regarded as one of the most pregnant signs of the times, and shows how rapidly the commercial and industrial world of Europe is gravitating toward the regime of industrial feudalism which will unite great masses of capital in the same hands, and thus, while helping forward the material enterprises, railways, canals, cuttings, &c., so greatly needed by the world, will raise for the managers of these grand combinations, fortunes so gigantic as to surpass any that have yet been accumulated.

Curiously enough, and this is another feature of the time, many of those engaged in these great operations are not wholly moved by the greed of gain. As in the case of the Emperor, it can hardly be doubted that a wish to promote the cause of material progress, to push forward the work of amelioration in all the spheres connected with the daily life of the masses, and of the general condition of the poor, does really enter largely into plans which would seem, at first sight, to have no other aim than the enriching of individuals. The Old World is in a state of rapid flux; not knowing to what it is tending, but tending, nevertheless, with accelerating momentum, toward a new combination of its constituent elements, and the development of new forms of social life.

Meantime the immediate effect of the love of gain so rife all the world over, is certainly not, in general, an ennobling one; and curious incidents constantly leak out in the neighborhood of the nabobs of the Exchange, which show how little delicacy or generosity is sometimes to be met with in company with the sharpness that succeeds in piling up a fortune of millions. An anecdote, which is just going the rounds here, affords a very good illustration of this fact, and shows how the lords of Finance are but too apt to deal with those whose necessities place them in the power of these arbiters of the purse-strings.

A celebrated painter of this city has among his pupils a young nobleman of large property, and who is none the less an admirable painter. A few days ago, a rich banker, wishing to refurnish his reception-rooms, went to the painter in question, and asked him if he could sell him a few pictures.

"I have none ready just now," replied the artist, "but I can paint some for you."

"Unluckily, I am in a great hurry. I want them directly. But look," continued the banker, pointing to a painting on the wall, "there is one which would suit me exactly. It is very pretty, and the size would just do. How much do you ask for it?"

"It is not for sale."

"I will give any price for it."

"It is not mine; it is the work of one of my pupils."

"Ah! it is the work of a pupil? Then it can't be worth much!"

"You thought it superb just now."

"Perhaps so, but that is nothing. Tell me, *entre nous*, how much is it worth?"

"You had better speak to the artist himself about it," said the painter, pointing to a young man in a red *blouse*, who was busily engaged in another canvass, "there he is."

The banker went up to the student.

"Well, my young friend, will you sell me this little daub of yours?" inquired the rich man.

"Very willingly," replied the student, without ceasing his occupation.

"I will give you a hundred francs for it," rejoined the banker; "a hundred francs is a very pretty sum. I'd lay a wager you did not spend more than two or three days upon your picture."

"It may go for the hundred francs," said the pupil, without quitting his work.

The bargain completed, the banker took his leave, when the painter stopped him, and remarked,

"Do you know of whom you have just bought this picture? Of the Count de M., who has an income of forty thousand francs, and so can afford to sell his works at any price he pleases to take for them."

"Is it possible?" cried the banker, woefully disconcerted, "you should have told me so before. I took him for one of the poor devils of students of whom there are so many. *If I had known I was dealing with a rich man, I should not have bargained with him, but should have given him whatever he might have asked.*"

QUANTUM.

FRIDAY NOT AN UNLUCKY DAY.—This day, which has been long superstitiously regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history. On Friday, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday he, though unknown to himself, discovered the Continent of America. On Friday, Henry III., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded. On Friday, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Princetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution. On Friday, George Washington was born. On Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made; and on Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurred, the crowning glory of the American arms. On Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Americans surely need not be afraid of Friday.

☞ It is supposed that the first person who had the itch was the devil—hence his title, "the Old Scratch."

MOUNT WASHINGTON, WITH THE PROPOSED NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

BACKBONE.

To dress and sit and walk genteelly,
To bow with easy grace,
To speak in accents soft and mealy,
To wear a studied face—
These, and like goodly gifts and graces,
Are well enough I own;
But what we want in this soft age,
Is bone, backbone.

A heart to feel, a mind to think,
Despite each base control,
A tongue to speak, a hand to work,
The purpose of the soul—
By these and other goodly tokens,
It may be surely known
If this or that, within his body,
Has bone, backbone.

Give me a man that's all a man,
Who stands up straight and strong,
Who loves the plain and simple right,
And will not yield to wrong;
Who deals with firm, untrembling hand,
To every one his own—
Oh! a blessed thing in anybody,
Is bone, backbone. —*Portland Transcript.*

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The White Mountains embrace the whole group of natural elevations in northern New Hampshire; the most attractive features, however, are within an extent of six or seven miles, and situated in Coos county, the range extending forty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. The name has sometimes been applied exclusively to the central cluster, including the six or seven highest peaks, and very properly, though in its comprehensive sense we think it should embrace the whole group. Mont Blanc and Mont Jura constitute not the whole of the Alps; neither do Mount Washington and Mount Monroe the White Mountains. Clustering around the central height, like children of one large family, no merely arbitrary division should ever separate them. Mount Washington composes, probably with one exception, the highest land east of the Mississippi river, and is about six thousand five hundred feet high. In clear weather, this and some of the other more elevated peaks, are the first land descried by vessels approaching our eastern coast; but, by reason of their white appearance, are frequently mistaken for clouds. They are visible from the land, at a distance of eighty miles on the south and southeast sides. They appear higher when viewed from the northeast, and, it is said, have been seen from the neighborhood of Chamblee and Quebec. During the period of nine or ten months, the mountains exhibit more or less of the appearance from which they are denominated *white*. In the spring, when the snow is partly dissolved, they appear of a pale blue, streaked with white; and after it is wholly gone, at the distance of sixty miles, they are altogether of the same pale blue, nearly approaching a sky color; while, at the same time, viewed at the distance of eight miles or less, they appear of the proper color of the rock. Light, fleecy clouds, floating about their summits, give them the same whitish hue as snow. The vast and irregular heights, being copiously replenished with water, exhibit a great variety of beautiful cascades, some of which fall in a perpendicular sheet or spout, and others are winding and sloping; others spread and form a basis in the rock, and then rush in a cataract over its edges. A poetic fancy may find full gratification amid these wild and rugged scenes, if its ardor be not checked by the fatigue of the approach. Almost everything in nature, which can be supposed of inspiring ideas of the sublime and beautiful, is here realized.

From the summit of Mount Washington, the face of the broad Atlantic, sixty-five miles distant, is in full view, and at favorable moments, hundreds of vessels have been counted on its mighty bosom. Turning round—cities, towns, rivers, lakes, mountain and valley, and all the gorgeous natural panorama, so enthusiastically described by aerial voyagers, come under our scope for enjoyment, which is accompanied with the consoling consciousness that we still embrace mother earth, and are not suspended in the atmosphere, in a frail machine, that an extra puff of air might destroy and hurl us into eternity. First among the varied list of natural curiosities of the White Mountains, is the celebrated "Old Man of the Mountains," a well defined profile of a human being, twelve hundred feet above the level of the pass; sculptured by nature in the solid granite, and of dimensions in proportion to her other grand works in the vicinity. The profile is on the south side of Cannon Mountain, facing Mount Lafayette. Said an eccentric speaker, at a celebration a few years since in Fryburg:—"Men put out signs representing their different trades; jewelers hang out a monster watch; shoemakers, a huge boot; and, up in Franconia, God Almighty has hung out a sign that in New England He makes men." The top of the mountain is about two thousand feet above the level of the road, and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Near the summit, an oblong rock, resembling a cannon, has given a name to the mountain. The sides are covered with a thick growth of maple, beech, birch and spruce. The Profile Rock itself is more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the road; it being situated far below the summit of the mountain. The profile is composed of three separate masses of rock, one of which forms the forehead, the second the nose and upper lip, and the third the chin. Only at one particular place are they brought into their proper position, which is on the road leading through the Notch, about a quarter of a mile south of Lafayette House. The expression of the face, as it stands out in bold relief against the sky, is quite stern. The mouth alone betrays any signs of age and feebleness. But the "Old Man of the Mountains" has never been known to flinch. "He

The Old Man of the Mountains.

neither blinks at the near flashes of the lightning beneath his nose, nor flinches from the driving snow and sleet of the Franconia winter, which makes the mercury of the thermometer shrink into the bulb and congeal." Passing down the road from the particular spot where it can be seen to perfection, the Old Man's countenance changes first into a "toothless old woman in a mob cap," and soon the profile is entirely lost. In passing up the road, the nose and face flatten until the forehead alone is seen. The length of the profile, from the top of the forehead to the lowest point of the chin, is eighty feet. The face looks toward the south-east, and is perhaps half a mile distant from the observer in the road.

In 1853, the legislature of the State of New Hampshire granted a charter to a company to construct a *carriage road*, from the Glen House to the top of Mount Washington. Competent engineers were at once set to work, and the survey completed during the season. Early in the following summer, the construction of the work commenced, and since that time it has been so assiduously prosecuted, that the whole will be finished and dedicated on the fourth of July next. The length of the road is about eight and a quarter miles, and it is sixteen feet broad in the clear; the average ascent is about one foot in nine and a-half; and in no place is it greater than one foot in seven. The road is protected on the outside by a massive stone wall; the surface is macadamized, and the whole, in every respect, constructed in the most substantial and secure manner. The carriages of the company are of peculiar construction, the driver having command of levers that raise and lower the body of the vehicle, so as to keep them level. This novel feature, and the plan of the road, are aptly illustrated in our engraving.

In connection with the enterprise of building a carriage road is another project. It is the erection by the road company of a *National Observatory*, for the government, on the summit of the mountain, in connection with a large and substantial hotel, and to place so much of the house as shall be necessary, together with the free use of the road, entirely at the disposal of government. The whole plan and conception is truly creditable to the projectors. The edifice is to be constructed of stone and iron, and to be as strong and substantial as it is possible to bind such materials together. The observatory is to be twenty-five feet square, with walls four feet in thickness, and not less than forty feet above the top of the mountain. It will have a solid pillar from the foundation to the top; stone beams, and, in fact, all the most approved conveniences for instruments, etc. A telegraph will be constructed to the base of the mountain, where it will connect with the Portland line; immediate communication being thus obtained with all sections of the country.

CHIMNEYS.—The chimney has been in use five centuries. Existing remains prove that perpendicular flues were constructed in England as far back as the twelfth century. In drawings of the time of Henry III., chimneys of a cylindrical form, are represented as rising considerably higher than the roof, and orders to raise the chimneys of the king's houses were frequent in that reign. Nevertheless, it was still the general custom, even in the fourteenth century, to retain the hearth in the middle of the room. When the wood was fairly ignited, the smoke would not be great, and the central position of the fire was favorable to the radiation of heat. This method of warming the hall was continued long after fireplaces with chimneys had been erected in smaller apartments. By the reign of Elizabeth the advantages of the new system was so well appreciated, that ladies in their visits to their friends, if they could not be accommodated with rooms with chimneys, were frequently sent out to other houses where they could enjoy the luxury.—*London Quarterly Review.*

☞ A GREAT TRUTH.—By education men become easy to lead, but difficult to drive—easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

☞ THE MIND.—The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.—*Grey.*

MATRIMONY.

BY JAMES EWING RITCHIE.

In the Book of Common Prayer (I must apologize to my dissenting readers for quoting it here,) I read that matrimony is "holy," that it was instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is between Christ and His church, which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with His presence and first miracle that He wrought in Cana of Galilee; and is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men, and, therefore, is not by any to be enterprised, "nor taken into hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, to satisfy men's carnal lusts or appetites, like brute beasts that have no understanding; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God, duly considering the causes for which matrimony was ordained."

Alas! our age is not a marrying age; and, therefore, I fear it is an unholy one; neither our young men nor our young maidens honestly fall in love and marry now-a-days. I don't know that the Registrar General's Report says such. I know that many of his marriages are affairs of convenience; unions of businesses, or thousands, or broad lands; no marriages "holy," in the sense of the Prayer Book and of God. A man who marries simply for love, exposes himself to ridicule; the modern ingenuous youth is not so green as all that; if he marries at all, it must be an heiress, or at any rate one well dowered. The last thing your modern well-bred beauty does, is to unite her fate with that of a man in the good old-fashioned way. She has learned to set her heart upon the accidents of life—the fine house, the establishment; and if these she cannot have, she will even die an old maid. The real is sacrificed to the imaginary; the substance to the shadow; the present to the morrow that never comes. A man says he will become rich; he will sacrifice everything to that; and the chances are he becomes poor in heart and purse. The maiden—

> With the meek brown eyes
> In whose orb a shadow lies,
> Like the dusk in evening skies;

loses all her divinity, and pines away, and becomes what I care not to name; and the world—whose wisdom is folly—sanctions all this. It calls it prudence, foresight. A man has no business to marry till he can keep a wife, is the cuckoo cry; which would have some meaning if a wife were a horse or a dog, and not an answer to a human need, and an essential to success in life.—The world forgets that man is not an automaton, but a being fearfully and wonderfully framed.—No machine, but a lyre responsive to the breath of every passing passion; now fevered with pleasure, now toiling for gold; anon seeking to build up a lofty fame; and that the more eager, and passionate, and daring he is—the more eagle is his eye, and the loftier his aim, the more he needs woman—the comforter and the help-meet—by his side. Our fathers did not ignore this, and they succeeded. Because the wife preserved them from the temptations of life; because she, with her words and looks of love assisted them to bear the burdens and fight the battles of life; because she stood by her husband's side as his help-meet; bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; soothing each sorrow; aiding each upward aim; it was thus they became great; and it is because we do not thus, we pale before them. It is not good for man to be alone. Man has tried to disobey the divine law, and lived alone; and what has been the result?—even when tried by men of superior sanctity, as in the case of the Romish church, has the world gained in happiness or morality? I trow not. Take the limited experience of our own age, and fathers and mothers know, to their bitter cost, I am right. The manhood, brave and generous, much of it wrecked in our great cities, will bear me out. But matrimony is more than this. In spite of the hard, matter-of-fact, skeptical, and, therefore, sensual character of the passing day, will it not be confessed that the union of man and woman, as husband and wife, is the greatest earthly need, and is followed by the greatest earthly good? Unhappy marriages there may be; imprudent ones there may be; but such are not the rule; and I know not why the legislator should not give easier relief in such cases. "Nature never did betray the soul that loved her;" and nature tells men and women to marry. Just as the young man is entering upon life—just as he comes to independence and man's estate—just as the crisis of his being is to be solved, and it is to be seen whether he decide with the good, and the great, and the true, or whether he sink and be lost forever, Matrimony gives him ballast and a right impulse. Of course, it can't make of a fool a philosopher; but it can save a fool from being foolish. War with nature, and she takes a sure revenge. Tell a young man not to have an attachment that is virtuous, and he will have one that is vicious. Virtuous love—the honest love of a man for the woman he is about to marry, gives him an anchor for his heart; something pure and beautiful for which to labor and live; and the woman, what a purple light it sheds upon her path! it makes life for her no day-dream; no idle hour; no painted shadow; no passing show; but something real, earnest, worthy of her heart and head. But most of us are cowards and dare not think so; we lack grace; we are of little faith; our inward eye is dim and dark. The modern young lady must marry in style; the modern young gentleman marries a fortune. But in the meanwhile, the girl grows into an old maid, and the youth takes chambers—ogles at nursery-maids, and becomes a man about town—a man whom it is dangerous to ask into your house, for his business is intrigue.—The world might have had a happy couple; instead, it gets a woman fretful, nervous, fanciful, a plague to all around her. He becomes a sceptic in all virtue; a corrupter of the youth of both sexes; a curse in whatever domestic circle he penetrates. Even worse may result. She may be deceived and may die of a broken heart. He may rush from one folly to another; associate only with the vicious and depraved; bring disgrace and sorrow on himself and all around; and sink into an early grave. Our great cities show what becomes of men and women who do not marry. Worldly fathers and mothers advise not to marry till they can afford to keep a wife, and the boys spend on a harlot more in six months than would keep a wife six years. Hence it is, all wise men (like old Franklin) advocate early marriages; and that all our great men, with rare exceptions, have been men who married young. Wordsworth had only £100 a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare-market to buy sprats for supper. Coleridge and Southey I can't find had any income at all when they got married. I question at any time whether Luther had more than fifty pounds a year. We blast humanity in its very dawn. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence—you do nothing of the kind; your worldly-wise and clever son is already ruined for life. You will find him at Cremorne and at the Argyle Rooms. Your wretched worldly wisdom taught him to avoid the snare of marrying young; and soon—if he is not involved in embarrassments which will last him a life, he is a *blase* fellow; heartless, false; without a single generous sentiment or manly aim; he has—

No God, no Heaven, in the wide world.

—*English Magazine.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Royal Mail Steamship America, Captain Wickman, from Liverpool on the 16th ult., with ninety-nine passengers, arrived at Halifax on the 29th ult.

No tidings of the missing steamship Pacific had reached Liverpool when the America sailed, but some of the passengers report having seen a Collins steamship on the 19th, when three days out from Liverpool, with a signal of distress flying, and apparently heading for the English Channel. [If there is no mistake in this, the steamer might have been the Pacific.]

It is announced that the Liverpool and Philadelphia line of steamers will resume their trips next month.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.—The Conferences were expected to open on Monday the 18th inst., but the non-arrival of Count Buol and Ali Pacha would postpone the meeting till probably Thursday, the 21st inst.

Baron Brunow has arrived at Paris, and the Russian Embassy is once more brilliant. Marquis D'Azeglia has declined the appointment of Sardinian Plenipotentiary, in favor of Count Cavour. Lord Clarendon leaves London on the 16th, for Paris. Ali Pacha had left Constantinople for there, and Count Buol was hourly expected.

The London Advertiser says that Austria and France both wished for the admission of Prussia, but Lord Palmerston absolutely insisted on her exclusion.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times professes to know that France and Austria have come to an understanding on the fifth point, and that England will be out-voted in the conference, if the attempts to make as a *sine qua non* the Disarming the Eastern coast of the Black Sea.

France and Austria are likely to concur with England as to the non-fortification of the Aland Isles, and will insist on the admission of consuls into the ports of the Black Sea; but neither France nor Austria consider the razeeing of the Russian forts on the Circassian coasts as a measure demanded by the interests of Europe. Austria does not consider Nicolaieff as a Black Sea port.

The London Times has an editorial, which, although boasting, betrays anxiety as to England's success in the approaching Congress.

TURKEY.—The Sultan appeared at a ball given by the British and French embassies. True believers would not believe it.

The English dragoon barracks had been accidentally fired and consumed. No lives were lost. There had been a fire also at Varna.

THE CRIMEA.—The Allies have exploded the last of the docks at Sebastopol. Fort Nicholas is mined. The Russians continue to fire heavily from the North. Five English regiments were preparing to return home. The French army received news of the peace with much dissatisfaction.

On the 29th of January, six boats attempted a surprise on the north side, but were discovered and repulsed by the French. The peace news caused considerable excitement in the Russian army, and the preparations which were being made for an attack on General D'Autemare's division were discontinued, the orders being countermanded.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.—Vienna letters state that the negotiations relative to the Principalities are still uncertain, Austria and France differing from England as to the propriety of according representative institutions. It is said that the point will be reserved for settlement at Paris, after the treaty of peace is signed.

ASIA.—The Russians gave a fete to General Williams and Yussif Pacha, at Tiflis, January 12th. Advices from Trebizonde, January 29th, state that the Russians had evacuated part of Turkish Armenia, and had returned to Erivan.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A debate occurred in the House of Commons on Friday night, the 15th inst. Mr. Roebuck rose to call the attention of the House to "our relations" with the United States, and moved for the production of all the correspondence with the Government of the United States relative to the conduct of Mr. Crampton.

Mr. Roebuck commenced by impressing upon the House the necessity for the question to be properly understood in Great Britain, and that it should be ascertained who was to blame for the unsatisfactory state of England's relations with America. He remarked that the laws of the United States prohibited recruiting for foreign service, and that, in the early days of the Republic, it had required a French Minister, of the period, to be removed for such an infraction of the laws. Their jealousy on this head was, therefore, natural.

He proceeded to show from documents read of the late trials in the United States. 1st. That Mr. Crampton knew he was breaking the law. 2nd. That he took means to evade it; and 3rdly. That he was supported in his evasion by the government of Nova Scotia, and the Governor General of Canada, and urged to it by the Home government. Under these circumstances, Mr. Roebuck contended that the Government of the United States were justified in requiring the recall of Mr. Crampton, and that the apology which the British Government had tendered was a delusion upon the House and the country. He, therefore, called first for a specific answer to this question: "What instructions were given to Mr. Crampton?" Next, for an expression of opinion on the part of the House that they were no parties to this violation of the laws of the United States. Mr. Hadfield seconded the motion.

Lord Palmerston replied, defending the Government, and stating that the correspondence would be produced as soon as the last despatch from the American Government had been answered.

Lord Palmerston then launched into a fierce invective against Mr. Roebuck, whom he styled the mouthpiece of the calumnies uttered in the United States, and as holding a brief from the enemy. Lord Palmerston then continued—"No man could more strongly feel than he did, the calamities which would arise from a conflict between the British nation and the United States. These were the sentiments of all the people of this country; but it was one thing to entertain a friendly sentiment towards a kindred people, and another to entertain our feeling of self respect. It was incumbent upon those who were charged with the public interest, to cultivate both these sentiments, for the interests of peace were equally great on both sides of the Atlantic, and the calamities arising from a state of war, would be equally disastrous. that, however, which a government had to consider, was the justice of the cause, and what was befitting the honor and dignity of the country. He was persuaded that this feeling was reciprocated on both sides of the Atlantic, whatever might be said in popular speech in America, and notwithstanding such ebullitions as the House had just heard, which savored of anything but a tendency to conciliate differences, he was persuaded there was such right feeling in the people of the United States that they valued the friendship of the people of this great Empire, and that the interests of both were inseparably bound up with the continuance of friendly relations. He could not, under such circumstances, persuade himself that these matters of difference, when they came to be laid before the Congress of the United States, as they would be before the Parliament of Great Britain, would not receive the calm, dispassionate and reasonable consideration which was essential to an amicable settlement, and which, he trusted, would prevent any intemperate individuals, on either side, from attempting to plunge the two countries into the calamities of a war. [Loud cheers.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has notified capitalists to meet Lord Palmerston and himself on Monday, the 18th, to hear the proposed terms of a new loan, which it is supposed will amount to £20,000,000 ($100,000,000.)

The London Times reviews Mr. Seward's speech, and says England will not give up the smallest of her rights to mere American clamor. Our Liverpool correspondent gives from private sources, but does not guarantee the statement, that the Derby party and the Gladstone party had each held a secret meeting as to the course to be pursued respecting American difficulties. The Derbyites decided to support Palmerston "to rescue English honor from republican insult." These were the actual words, as reported. The Gladstone party decided to take every precaution to shun a rupture with the United States.

Messrs. Andrew Jackson & Son, corn merchants of Glasgow, have failed. Their liabilities were £70,000.

SPAIN.—Count Montemolens is negotiating a Carlist loan in Holland and Germany.

ITALY.—The Sardinian Senate has voted a loan of thirty millions, by fifty votes against seven.

AUSTRIA.—The conduct of the Italian bishops in taking undue advantage of the Concordat, has given rise to new negotiations with the Pope.

EGYPT.—This year's grain crop will be short, owing to the limited rise in the Nile.

INDIA.—The Bombay mails of January are at hand. The Santal troubles are over. The kingdom of Oude will be either sequestered or annexed. All was quiet on the northern frontier.

Dost Mahomed was said to be preparing to resist the Persian seizure of Herat.

The Bombay market was mostly quiet, and money tighter. Gold and copper mines of value had been discovered in Cuttack and Assam.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 15.—The advices from the United States, received by the America, have had a favorable effect upon the Cotton market. The sales for the week have been 32,000 bales, including 27,000 to speculators, and 9,000 bales to exporters, at an advance ranging from ⅛ to ¼. The sales yesterday were 10,000 bales. The market is closing steady.

The quotations are—New Orleans Middlings, 5 15-16; do. Fair, 6; Mobile Middlings, 5⅞; do. Fair, 6⅛; Inferior Mobile, 4¾; Upland Middling, 5⅛; do. Fair, 5¾. The whole stock of Cotton is put at 600,000 bales, of which 386,000 bales are American.

The Brokers' Circular, after remarking upon the favorable effect produced by the advices from America, states that, on Friday, prices were a trifle lower, and the market quiet. The markets at Manchester were steady.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 16, 3 o'clock, P. M.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote the Cotton market as steady, and prices unchanged. The sales have been 8,000 bales.

HAVRE COTTON MARKET, Feb. 15.—The sales of Cotton during the past week have averaged 1,600 bales daily. The market closed dull at 94½ for Orleans fair ordinaire.

Breadstuffs—Liverpool, Feb. 15.—The Flour market is dull, with a decline of 6d. Corn has also declined 1s. Messrs. Brown & Shipley's Circular quotes Breadstuffs as having considerably declined. The quotations are—Western Canal Flour, 34s@35s 6d; Philadelphia and Baltimore brands, 37s@38s; Ohio Flour, 37s@38s.

Wheat—The market for Wheat is dull, but prices are unchanged. White Wheat is quoted at 11s.; Red, 10s.

Corn—The market closed dull at 35s for White and Yellow Corn. Mixed Corn is quoted at 34s@34s 6d.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 16, 3 o'clock, P. M.—Breadstuffs today are generally unchanged.

Provisions—Liverpool, Feb. 15.—Messrs. Brown & Shipley quote a considerable decline in Beef, the quotations being at 65s@70s 6d. for Inferior; Good is held at 123s. For Pork the market closed steady at 72s@73s; the best Western is quoted at 72s. 6d.; Bacon is a little lower, owing to the recent large arrivals: Long Middles are quoted at 51s.; no Short in market. Another circular quotes the decline in Bacon at 3s@4s. Lard is considerably lower.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 16, 3 o'clock, P. M.—Messrs. Richard's Circular reports Lard as having declined. Western Prime Mess Pork, 72s. Bacon is quiet, but has declined. Beef has also declined, but the demand is improving.

Naval Stores—Rosin has slightly advanced, with an active speculative demand. Common is quoted at 4s. 6d., and Rise at 6s 6d.

Linseed Oil is quoted at 35s6s.

LIVERPOOL, PRODUCE MARKET.—The Brokers' Circular quotes the Coffee market as steady, with prices unchanged.

Rice has declined 6d., and the market closed dull—little is scarce. Tallow closed dull at 46s.

LONDON MARKETS, Feb. 15.—Baring Brothers' Circular quotes Sugar as having declined, with a dull market. Breadstuffs are also lower.

Welsh flat iron and Rails, on board ship, are quoted at £8 per ton. Pig Iron is quoted at £6 6s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Feb. 15.—The Money market has been very stringent, but very active, at 6 per cent.

Consols had advanced to 92 in the early part of the week, but on Friday the closing quotations were 90½ to 90⅝.

London, Feb. 16, 3 o'clock, P. M.—Consols for money were quoted at noon, at 90½@90⅝. Messrs. Bell & Co. report United States and State Stocks as better.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE SECEDERS FROM THE AMERICAN CONVENTION.—The Address put forth by the main split from this body, gives as the reasons for withdrawing—the refusal of the Convention to take ground in favor of a restoration of the Missouri Compromise, and the admission of the Louisiana Delegates representing a Roman Catholic constituency. They propose a National Convention to be held in the city of New York on June 12th, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. The Address is signed by 18 Delegates from Ohio, 6 from Connecticut, 6 from Pennsylvania, 5 from Wisconsin, 4 from Michigan, 2 from Massachusetts, and 1 each from New Hampshire, Iowa, Illinois and Rhode Island. Six other delegates concur in the Address, excepting the call for a Convention—"believing that the whole North ought to unite in a common organization to resist the aggressions of Slavery." An Executive Committee was appointed with power to alter the date for the assembling of the Convention.

The members who voted for George Law and Gen. Houston also seceded, and adopted a protest, characterizing the nomination of Mr. Fillmore as "an utter betrayal of the American Movement."

CALIFORNIA.—The Legislature has not elected a Senator, and there is but little probability of a choice being made. Mr. Foote, formerly Senator from Mississippi, is now the American nominee.

KANSAS.—The advices from Kansas state that Judge Elmore advises the State officers elect not to take the oath of office, as it would be a treasonable act. Gen. Robinson says that he will take the oath if he is hanged the same hour.

The merchants of Kansas publish an appeal to the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, to use its influence to prevent further incursions into the territory. The appeal says that if business continues to be interrupted, the merchants of Kansas will be compelled to turn their attention to the opening of another avenue to the East through other States.

Intelligence from Kansas to the 29th ult., states that the Kickapoo people had commenced making preparations to drive the free State men from their claims.

THE NOMINATION OF MR. FILLMORE.—The nomination is variously received in the Northern States by the Americans and those who have generally acted with them. The American members of the New York Assembly, have adopted resolutions stating he was not their first choice, but they accept the nomination. The Silver Gray Whigs in New York city are delighted. As to the papers—the New York Express, the Advertiser, and the Mirror, the Buffalo Advertiser, Troy Whig, Lewistown Gazette, Mauch Chunk Gazette, Boston Journal, New Bedford Mercury, Lowell Journal, Portland State of Maine, Boston Bee, Philadelphia Enquirer, the Philadelphia Times, and Charleston Advertiser either approve or will support the nomination.

On the other hand, the Albany Register, New York Herald, Newark Mercury, Morristown Jerseyman, Trenton Gazette, Pittsburg Journal, Boston Daily Advertiser, the Chronicle, and the Atlas, Portland Advertiser, and Philadelphia North American, oppose the nomination. A number of papers, including the Sun of this city, take no ground at present on the subject.

GEORGIA.—The House of Representatives of Georgia, by formal resolution, have declined to hold intercourse with Vermont, and instructed the Governor accordingly. They will neither receive messages nor send them.

OHIO.—B. F. Wade has been elected U. S. Senator in joint convention of the Legislature. Wade 100, Tod 86, Scot 2.

THE NEW YORK PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.—The majority of the Committee of the New York Legislature, to whom the bill for the repeal of the Prohibitory Liquor Law was referred, have reported in favor of its repeal, stating that the conflicting opinions of eminent legal authorities as to the constitutionality of the law should be considered a sufficient reason against its enforcement.

VIRGINIA DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The State Convention of the Democratic party of Virginia refused to express any preference for any particular candidate for the Presidency, but warmly endorsed President Pierce.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the House of Representatives, the bill repealing the Act making an annual appropriation to the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, has passed on second reading.

NEW YORK.—The New York State Council of Americans has ratified the Philadelphia nominations. During the proceedings, the statement made at Philadelphia that Mr. Fillmore was not a member of the Order, was contradicted by the President of Council 177, of Buffalo, who gave the assurance that he himself was present when the obligation of each of the degrees was administered to Mr. Fillmore, and that he is a member of the Order in good standing. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and the proceedings were very harmonious.

MARYLAND.—A large meeting has been held in Baltimore, denouncing the attempt to represent Baltimore in the Republican Convention. Mr. Francis P. Blair, who was elected Delegate by a meeting of Republicans held in that city on the 8th of February, was editor of the Globe newspaper under the Administration of President Jackson, of which it was the official organ. He is a resident of Silver Spring, Montgomery county, Md.

THE CINCINNATI SLAVE CASE.—Judge Leavitt decided on the 28th ult., that the fugitive slaves were in the custody of the United States Marshal, and they were accordingly delivered over to him by the Sheriff, and escorted by two hundred special constables across the river without disturbance or opposition. The Commissioner decided that the proper manner for the State of Ohio to bring them to justice would be by a requisition upon the Governor of Kentucky.

EFFECTS OF PEACE.—Already hopes of peace have improved money concerns, and, no doubt, the certainty would improve them still more. At Petersburg, where it is supposed certain, the change in monetary affairs is represented in private letters as great. At Vienna stocks have advanced 12 per cent. Orders are pouring into the Baltic ports for provisions. In England an impulse has been given to the railway share market. Those of the London and North Western have advanced 5 per cent.; Great Western 7; Midland 6; Lancashire and Yorkshire 4½; Caledonia 3. A buoyancy has been given to textile fabrics. On the other hand, breadstuffs are down, and going down. And new schemes are on foot. A bank, under a royal charter, in Egypt; a railroad from Constantinople to Belgrade; a canal from the Danube to the Black Sea, and half a dozen others. Peace would, doubtless, realize all these, and the world would be improved.

THE INTERNAL FIRE THEORY.—It is stated, in the Bibliotheca Sacra, that Professor Guyot, of Cambridge, intends to publish an exposition of the creation of the Universe, upon the basis of the nebular hypothesis, embracing the internal fire theory as one that can be sustained. It is not contended that the evidence in favor of the centre of the earth being a mass of fire is of positive nature, as in that case the reasoning would cease to be hypothetical. But the evidence for the affirmative is regarded as accumulative, and to such a degree that it has been considered by a vast majority in the scientific world, almost conclusive. Even admitting what is alleged as the cause of the high temperature of springs and mines, it is argued that it by no means follows that to the same origin may be traced the mighty stores by which rivers of fire are poured from the bowels of the earth.

LOST STEAMSHIPS.—Since 1853, twelve steamships, lost at sea, have cost 1,250 human lives, and $7,250,000 of property. The "Independence" sank with 120 lives in the Pacific, and the Tennessee and the St. Louis followed, total wrecks. The Humboldt and the San Francisco were wrecked in the Atlantic the same year. The Franklin, City of Philadelphia, and Yankee Blade, fall in the catalogue of 1854. City of Glasgow, with 480 lives. The Arctic, with hundreds more precious lives, were the crowning catastrophes of that year. In 1855, we have the sinking of the North Carolina, and the stranding of the Golden Age, which last, however, was saved and repaired.—*Hunt's Merchants' Mag.*

ALLEGED CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—M. Guery Meneville lately brought before the French Academy of Sciences, a means of curing hydrophobia, which, he stated, is practised in Russia with success. A little insect, the golden cetonides, found in considerable quantities on rose trees, is proved, when pounded to a powder, and administered internally, to produce a profound sleep, which sometimes lasts for thirty-six hours, and which has the effect, in many cases, of completely nullifying the hydrophobic affection. A distinguished entomologist of Russia, M. Motschouski, has tried several experiments with this insect, and in most cases with success.

FARMERS' READING ROOM.—If any of our friends have fine samples of corn on the cob, they are invited to send them to the Reading Room established by the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, at 160 Chestnut street. A spirited competition in that line is going on there. Mr. John Lantner, of Bridesburg, deposited, about ten days ago, some fine ears from the farm of Mr. W. Cochrane, Cantwell's Bridge, Del.; one of them bearing 26 rows and 1,152 grains. On last Friday evening, Mr. G. B. Rogers exhibited seven ears, six of which weighed 7¼ lbs., and contained over 7,000 grains. One of the ears, in 25 rows, had 1,344 grains.

AN EXCELLENT LAW.—Wives of inebriates are by law, in Wisconsin, allowed to transact business in their own names, bind out their children, and dispose of their earnings as they may deem best.

POLITICAL NOMENCLATURE.—The old line Democrats in Virginia call themselves "Tight Barks," while in New York they are "Hard Shells."

APPARATUS FOR PURIFYING AND CARBONIZING GAS.—Mr. Samuel Rowlands, of Birmingham, has taken out a patent for a mode of treating gas, consisting of a vessel through which gas is made to pass, in contact with a large surface of the liquid, to the action of which it is to be subjected. In this chamber is a float having a spiral channel, which gives it a slow rotary motion. When it is wished to impregnate coal gas with the vapor of naphtha, the vessel is partly filled with the liquid, which is kept in agitation by the rotation of the float as it sinks. Other carbonaceous fluids may be employed with like effect.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
March 3rd, 1856.

The operations of the past week have been only moderate for the season. Breadstuffs have further declined under the Asia's advices, without much doing in the way of sales. Bank remains quiet. Per Coal the demand continues limited. Cotton has been somewhat active, and prices somewhat unsettled; the late advices from abroad, however, have stiffened the market. Iron continues inactive, with a large demand for future delivery, and holders are asking an advance on previous sales. In Groceries there is a lively feeling to-day; Coffee is held more firmly, and Sugar and Molasses are wanted at full prices. Provisions—The want of supplies tends to depress the market somewhat, and to-day, with only a retail business doing. Hemp is scarce and firm. Hides and Leather continue as required, but there is no stock here. In Naval Stores and Oils there is not much doing. Seeds meet with a steady demand, and prices are unchanged. Wool is held with more firmness, and the stock remaining. We hardly have been asserted, but holders of fine class are rather firmer. In other articles, there are no important changes to note since the close of last week.

ASHES—The market remains steady but quiet for both kinds.

BARK—There is little or no stock of Quercitron in first hands, and the demand continues limited; the last sales of 1st No. 1 were at $22 per ton.

BEESWAX is generally held above the views of buyers, we hear of no sales, and Yellow is quoted at 26@27c per lb.

BREAD—Prices remain about stationary, but there is very little doing except for the supply of the home trade.

CANDLES—The market is inactive, with a small business to report at previously quoted rates.

COFFEE—The firmness of holders has had a tendency to limit operations, and the week's sales only reaching some 5,000 bags, mostly Rio, at from 11½ to 12c, as to quality, on the usual terms; part of the sales were to-day, the market closing with a better feeling on the part of holders. The following is the movements in the market for the last month:

Imports since January 1, 1856.

Of Rio, Direct,	23,000 bags.	
Other descriptions,	2,771 "	
		25,951 bags.
Same period in 1855, of Rio,	22,462 "	
Other descriptions,	6,641 "	
		29,103 "
Decrease of direct imports this year,		3,151 bags.
Increase of Rio the year,	536 bags	
Decrease other descriptions,	3,870 "	
		3,334 "
Stock in second hands this day, of Rio,		31,622 bags.
Of other descriptions,		1,800 "
		32,522 "
Same time last year, of Rio,	19,326 bags	
Of other descriptions,	none	
		19,326 "
Increase of stock, this year, all descriptions,		13,202 bags.
Arrivals from Rio, Jacques Conrad, Penambuco, last Section,		4,950 bags. 600 "

Total Imports this month, all descriptions, 4,950 bags.
Sales of the month,—1,350 bags at, to be 15; 2,237 at 15 to 11; 10,520 at 11 to 12; 1,000 at 12 to 12¼; "Virginia" cargo, 3,450 bags transferred to New York; "Camel's" do do 3,254 bags Rio. Into Augustus at 11; to 12¾; 600 St. Domingo, Hall's. Total, 23,164 bags, including re-sales and countrywise.

Market—Rio, Inferior, 10¾ to 11; fair to good fair 11½ to 11¾; prime 12c.

COAL—The market continues at a stand, but without any particular change to note in prices; the demand, however, is confined to the wants of the home trade, at about previous rates; the receipts continue light, and most of the Eastern markets are very bare of Coal, giving promise of a large demand as soon as the navigation opens.

COTTON—The demand during the past week has been limited, but the want of stock has had a tendency to sustain prices, and lots on the spot have brought full rates, the week's transactions reaching some 1,500 bales, at from 10½ to 12¾c for Uplands, and 12¾@13c for Gulfs, cash and time; the bulk of the sales were of invoices to arrive, which are somewhat irregular, and prices are fully 1c under the present range of late on the spot. To-day the market, however, closes with a better feeling under the American's news. The following is the movement in this staple from the 1st Sept. to the latest dates:

	1855.	1857.	1854.	1853.
Rec. at the Ports,	2,253,000	1,438,000	1,750,000	2,727,000
Exs. to G. Britain,	977,000	743,000	575,000	912,000
Exs. to France,	286,000	172,000	182,000	174,000
Exs. other for ports,	261,000	155,000	118,000	153,000
Total exports,	1,523,000	1,070,000	875,000	1,245,000
Stock on hand,	266,000	68,000	182,000	709,000

Of which, during the past week, included in the above

Rec. at the Ports,	122,000	71,000	107,000	125,000
Exs. to G. Britain,	42,000	25,000	14,000	29,000
" France,	26,000	10,000	13,000	17,000
" other for ports,	22,000	12,000	12,000	14,000
Total exports,	90,000	21,000	39,000	54,000

COPPER is steady, with a small business doing at previously quoted rates.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market remains quiet but firm, both in relation to and without change in prices. Among the sales are 50 tons Soda Ash at 2½c; 15 casks Calabria Licorice at 25½c, and 5 casks Indigo Madder at 9½c, all on the usual terms.

DRY GOODS—Business is moderate for the season, but with the opening of the Western rivers a large trade is expected soon. There are no material variations to notice in any of the leading articles. The stocks of some descriptions of Cotton Goods are light, but stocks generally are well assorted and complete, and prices rule low.

FEATHERS continue scarce, but the demand is moderate, and sales have been disposed of, at 45@50c per lb, mostly at the latter rate for good lots.

FISH—The market is quiet, and Codfish and Herring very scarce; the former is quoted at $4.50@4.75 the 100 lbs, and the latter at $5.00@5.50 per bbl. Mackerel are selling in a retail way at $22 for large No's; $18 for medium, and $15 for small No's. No. 3 at small No's, and $9@$10 per bbl for large, do.

FRUIT—There is but little or no stock of foreign in first hands to operate in, but the jobbing demand has been rather more active at fully former rates. 4,000 Oranges and Lemons, received from Boston via railroad, has been sold at $1.12½@1.50 per box, according to condition. Of domestic, the receipts and sales are light, and prices about the same.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The foreign news, received early in the week, had a depressing influence on Breadstuffs generally, and prices have since ruled somewhat unsettled and irregular. Flour receipts are large per the week past, but the demand has been but limited to the dealing trade, and the sales of all kinds will reach about 3,000 bbls at $8.50@8.75 for standard brands, mostly at the latter rate; with a day or two our several former have generally been refused the standard shipping Flour, but the market closed about steady, and rather quiet under the American's advices. The home demand has been better since the decline, most of the dealers being free of stock, and good retailing brands and bakers' Flour, which are scarce, brought full prices, ranging from $9.25@9.50 per bbl, according to brand, the latter for family Flour. Rye Flour is lower, and 500 bbls have been disposed of at $5 per bbl. Corn Meal is quiet but firm at the late decline, and Penna. Meal is held at $4 per bbl, at which rate a sale of 1,000 bbls was made. The receipts for the week ending the 29th ult. 11,021 bbls Flour; 1,550 bbls Corn Meal, and 100 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—There has been very little Wheat offering, but under the unfavorable tenor of the foreign news, prices are unsettled, and 20,000 bus have been sold at 2@3c lower, sales closing yesterday at $1.58@1.59 for prime to fancy red, and $1.60@1.63 for white, and $1.72@1.75 for the latter. Rye is also lower, and 12,000 bushels Western sold at 92c@$1, mostly at the latter rate in store. Corn is rather scarce, but with a limited demand prices have declined, and about 40,000 bushels Penna yellow have been disposed of at 68c for prime afloat, and 67c for good lots in store, which is the general asking rate at the close. Oats are still held lower, with sales of 30@32,000 bushels Penna at 37@38c per bushel, the latter at lots from store. Of Barley, small sales of New York are making at $1.25.

PROVISIONS—The market is quiet, but firm, at previously quoted rates. An active business is expected as soon as the navigation opens.

GINSENG—No sales have come under our notice to alter quotations.

HEMP is held more firmly, but the stock is nearly all out of first hands, and we hear of no sales.

HIDES—Holders are firm and in request at fully former prices, the want of stock checking sales.

HOPS sell as wanted at 24@25c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—Both home and foreign irons give encouragement to makers of iron. The demands for all descriptions are increasing, and prices generally are ruling firmer, if not in fact advancing. Orders are coming forward to contract in anticipation of doing business equal to the heavy loading and mill operations. A large proportion of the week's sales regard made for the Spring trade. Sales of No. 1, for foundery purposes, and indicate the increasing consumption of Anthracite iron for castings. Orders for manufacturers and railroad purposes are improving, and the manufacturers of axles in general are doing a fair business. The mills are busy, and orders coming in "brisk." Rails are firm. Blooms, Bolter Plate, Sheets, Rods and Nails are more in demand.

At New York specie sales have brought up some 5,000 tons needed pig. As there is but little in the market and not much that can arrive even, holders are asking $31 to $33, as per brand and quality, and are refusing to realize.

During the week the sales of pig iron reached near 4,000 tons, of which 1,200 tons No. 1 sold at $27; 600 tons Charcoal pig, in two lots, at $35 and $37; 700 tons No. 2 at $25@26 100 tons No. 3 at $22; 500 tons No. 3, from furnace bank, at $21@22. The quotations are now for No. 1, $30. No. 2, $26. No. 3, $25. 25 tons Iron Mine sold at $32.

LEAD—Holders are firm in their demands, but we are only advised of a sale of 50 pigs Chester county at 7c per lb.

LEATHER—The market continues buoyant, and the want of stock limits operations, to small lots of full rates.

LUMBER—The market remains quiet, but firm, and the prospects of the coming season are very encouraging.

MOLASSES—The demand continues good, and sales of New Orleans, to extract, of 1,000 bbls have been made, to arrive, mostly at 45c, on the usual credit.

NAVAL STORES—The movement in articles under this head continues small. Spirits Turpentine is selling, in lots, at 41@43 per gallon, cash and time. In other articles, we hear of no transactions.

OILS—The market for Fish Oils remains quite but firm, with a small business doing in Whale at the late advance, say 44@45c per gallon. Sperm Oil is dull at former rates. Linseed is also very inactive, and the price nearly nominal, at 90@92c.

PLASTER—There is nothing arriving or selling to establish a quotation.

PROVISIONS—The want of supplies from the west has limited operations in articles under this head, and the market generally has been quiet to-day. Mess Pork is held at $17, and only more Beef at $13 per bbl, but the sales are only in a retail way. Bacon sells as wanted in lots from store at 11@12c for Hams, 10c for Sides, and 9c for Shoulders. Of prime Mess the stock is about exhausted, and quotations are nominal at $20 per bbl. Hams, 10@11c for Sides, and 9@10c for Shoulders in salt and pickle. Lard sells slowly at 9@9½c for bbls and 10@10½c for kegs. Butter is steady, with a moderate business to note, at 25@26c for roll and 18@20c for solid packed. Cheese sells at 9@11c per lb, as to quality.

RICE—Is more active, and sales as lots, from store, are making at 4@4¾c per lb.

SALT—No arrivals or sales to alter quotations.

SEEDS—The receipts and sales of Cloverseed have been limited, and the week's transactions only reach about 1,200 bushels, in lots, at $5.25 to $5.37½, mostly at $5.50 per bushel, from store, including some from second hands, at our inside figures. Timothy continues scarce, with a small business doing at $2.75@2.87½ per bushel, Flaxseed is unchanged; no sales to note of importance.

SUGAR—The demand is active at fully former prices, but the market being nearly bare, sales have been confined to small lots Cuba and New Orleans, in all about 250 hhds, at 8@8¾c, on the usual terms.

SPIRITS—Holders of Brandy and Gin are firm in their demands, but the sales are only in a small way, at full rates. N. E. Rum continues scarce, with small sales at 33@34c. Whiskey is unsettled; bbls have been sold at 30@32c, and hhds at 29@29½c, but the holders at the close are firmer in their views.

TALLOW—Is lower, and a small business doing at 10@10½c for city rendered.

TEAS—The market is steady, with a small business to notice for the season.

TOBACCO—There is little or no stock of Leaf here to operate in, and prices are unaltered. In other kinds, sales are moderate, and quotations the same.

WINES—Command full rates, with about the usual business doing.

WOOL—The stock is diminishing, and holders are firmer in their demands. The difficulty of getting goods East has limited the demand, and the week's transactions have been moderate, about 250,000 lbs having been taken at very full rates. Among the sales we note some considerable lots of No 1 pulled at 36c; half blood at 33c, and three-quarters to full blood unwashed at 34c, all on the usual terms.

FREIGHTS—The market is without any movement to notice. Vessels are scarce, and 2c 61 has been offered and refused for Flour to Liverpool. Vessels are scarce at the moment, a large fleet having been detained in the river by the ice.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 3.

ASHES—Sales 600 bbls at 6¾ for Pots, and $8.75 for Pearls.

COTTON continues steady; sales 2,500 bales at 10¾ for Middling Uplands, 10¾ for Mobile, and 10¾ for New Orleans.

FLOUR, &c.—Flour is firmer, with a better demand both for export and home consumption. There is also some little speculative inquiry; sales 8,500 bbls at $8.30@8.35 for common to straight brands State, and mixed to very good Western at $8.25@8.50 for fancy and low grades of extra Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio, and $8.50@8.75 for extra Genesee. Included in the sales are parcels of very inferior Michigan and Ohio at $8.50@8.75. Sales 2,000 bbls Southern at $8.25@8.40. For Canadian Flour there is rather more inquiry, and the market for common grades is firmer. Sales 600 bbls at $7.85@8.25 for common superfine to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat, a very moderate business doing; prices without important change. Sales 14,000 bushels at $1.63 for red Southern, and $1.66 for red Western. Rye is quiet, with sales 3,500 bushels at the inside rate of $1.12. Barley and Barley Malt are quiet. Prime parcels are held at $1.12 delivered. There is more desire to sell to arrive, but shippers do not seem very anxious to purchase.

CORN is heavy. Sales 18,000 bushels at 70@75c for inferior to prime new and old Southern, Jersey, and Western, including heated Western, via New Orleans, at the inside quotation.

OATS—Plenty and dull at 37@38c for Southern, 38@40c for Jersey, and 40c for State, and 42@43c for Western.

WHISKEY—The market is easier, with sales 600 bbls Ohio and Prieta at 29@30c.

PROVISIONS—Pork opened heavy, but closed firmer. Sales 550 bbls at $16.75@16.50 for Mess, and $14.25 for Prime. Total stock of old and new, 47,383 bbls; same time last month, 49,600 bbls. Same time last year, 29,004 bbls.

In Beef there is a moderate business doing, without important change in prices. Sales 250 bbls at $9.75@10.25 for country prime, $9.75@11 for do mess. Total stock of old and new, 30,746 pckgs, same time last month, 27,100 pckgs; same time last year, 19,000 pckgs.

Beef Hams firm. Prime mess beef in fair request, at $14@21. Cut Meats, better; sales 200 pckgs at 7½@7¾c for Shoulders, and 8@8½c for Hams. Lard is steady, with sales of 450 bbls at 10@10½c.

FREIGHTS are dull and lower. To Liverpool some Beef was taken at 3s., and 1,000 bbls Flour, at 2s 6d.

STOCKS—Are firm; sales of Cleveland and Toledo at 80½; Cleveland and Pittsburg 89½; Erie 20½; Galena and Chicago 104; Chicago and Rock Island 95½; Cumberland 25½; Michigan Southern 92½; New York Central 95½; Reading 83; Virginia 95; Illinois Central 87½; Sterling Exchange dull.

FLOUR—Is firmer, with sales 7,000 bbls at $7.75 for straight State. Wheat is quiet, 1,200 bushels sold. Corn is dull, sales 12,000 bushels. Mess Pork is dull, 250 bbls sold. Beef firm, sales of 150 bbls. Lard has declined, sales of 300 bbls at 10½c. Whiskey has also declined; sales of 350 barrels at 29c.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 3.

AT ALLERTON'S.—We found an increased supply of Beef Cattle on sale to-day, and with some abatement in the demand, prices receded 50c per lb for most. The quality, generally, was inferior, though we noticed a few choice Beeves, dwelt from the State. The total number on sale to-day was 2,202, the average price about 10c, and the range 9@12c; the latter an outside figure for the best selections. The leading routes of transportation are being pretty well thawed out, so that there will be less difficulty in getting stock in market in future, and a lower range of prices is very generally calculated upon by the best informed brokers and feeders.

The probabilities now, towards the close of business to-day, that there would be considerable supply left over.

Cows and Calves sell extremely well, as fast as they come in. The highest price obtained to-day was $77, and many were sold for over $60.

Veal Calves continue in pretty good demand, at previous prices—6@7½c per lb, live weight, as in quality.

Sheep and Lambs are without change and dull.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, extra quality per 100 lbs, $12@12.50; do good quality, $11.00@11.50; do common, $10.00——; do inferior, $7.50@8.50. Cows and Calves extra, $70@77; do good, $55@65; do common, $45@55. Veals, select extra lots, Sheep and Lambs, $6.50@7.00; do extra, $8.00. Swine, $6@6.50; do net $7.75@8.00.

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

	Head.
Beef Cattle.	
From Ohio, on cars	860
Kentucky	237
Virginia	93
Pennsylvania	91
New York State	1,230
Connecticut	75
Illinois	191
By the Hudson Railroad, Cattle	545
do Cows and Calves	78
do Veal Calves	265
do Sheep and Lambs	1,400
By the Hudson River Railroad, Beeves	600
Erie Railroad, Beeves	732
New Haven Railroad, Beeves	75
Philadelphia Railroad, Beeves	300
On foot—Cattle	201

AT FORBUSH'S.—83 Beef Cattle, $7.50@10.50; 26 Cows and Calves, $35@55; 14 veal calves, 5½@7½; 1,000 sheep and lambs average $6.75.

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—238 Beef Cattle, $7.00@11.00; 50 cows and calves, $25@55.00; 62 veal calves (five weighed 5¾ lbs) 1,850 sheep

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 19 and 25 Ann Street, New York.
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From the New York Daily Times.

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

VALUABLE AND IMPORTANT TESTIMONY

IN FAVOR OF

DR. S. S. FITCH'S PRACTICE.

We have never seen a more conclusive piece of testimony as to the efficacy of medical treatment in curing Lung affections than the letter which we publish below. We commend it to the attention of all who are suffering from disorder of the organs of respiration. Such facts seem to prove very conclusively that Dr. S. S. FITCH does cure Consumption:

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 7, 1855.

DEAR DR. FITCH—SIR:—My brother-in-law, Mr. Geo. W. Needham (and he was the person who first advised me to consult you,) has just handed me the New York Tribune, and pointed me to your card, asking if I would write you. I answered: "Yes, with all my heart; for if I can add to the happiness of that good man, I too shall be happy in so doing.

"I am one of your patients, and the first time I consulted you, and placed myself under your care, was in October, 1849. I had previously suffered from a cough, and was at that time much debilitated from loss of flesh and strength. You sent me a box of your medicines and remedies, which restored me to a good measure of health.

"During the Winters of '53 and '54 I had a cough, pain in the side, &c., but resorting to your medicines again, health was restored. The Winter of 1854 I took a sudden cold, which settled heavily on my lungs, produced a severe cough, and confined me to the house, and a part of the time to my chamber, during the Winter and Spring. My sufferings were very great; no one can describe them except those who have been similarly affected. I was believed up to, unable me to breathe. The soreness in my lungs was such that I could not bear the weight of the bedclothes on my chest. Any exercise would set me coughing. My lungs were inflammated and congested. I had every symptom of Consumption; nearly all my friends and neighbors thought I had it seated and must die with it; but I had faith to believe that Dr. FITCH'S medicines, with the blessing of God on them, would restore me to my usual health and strength again. And, thanks to that good Being who ever watches over us, I am here a living witness to testify to the truth of what is here stated. I have visited you three times for a personal examination of my lungs, and for advice. I found you an agreeable, skillful and sympathizing physician. I think my lungs are now perfectly free from disease. I call myself well. I can talk, read or sing with as much strength as I ever did. I have and shall continue to recommend your treatment to others; and having seen the benefit of it from experience, I can recommend it with the greatest confidence to all who are afflicted with diseased lungs, feeling assured that they will attain relief.

"And now, Sir, I must speak of your truly valuable book, entitled "Six Lectures on the Cause and Cure of Consumption." I wish it were read in every family. I think Consumption would disappear if the rules in this book were followed. I received the work from your hands, and perused it attentively. Since that time I have kept it in circulation, for I wish every young female in the United States might read and practice it.

"If any one wishes these statements corroborated they can call on me at my father's residence in Holyoke Street, Springfield, Mass., and I will receive them with pleasure and affirm what I have written.

"Please accept my heartfelt thanks and gratitude, and may the richest of Heaven's blessings reward you and yours. Affectionately yours,

"SUSANNAH FRISBIE."

Dr. S. S. FITCH is not, and has not been absent from his office, No. 714 Broadway, New York, where he may be consulted personally or by letter. Those at a distance may be treated by writing him a full account of their case.

Dr. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES ON CONSUMPTION, "The Laws of Life," &c., a new edition, just issued, 200 pages, 20 illustrations, and steel portrait of the author, sent by mail, to or for invalids, at 25 cents—substantially bound in paper—postage 15 cents. Give town, County, State and Post Office. It

DEAFNESS CURED!!!

From the Editor of the American Courier.

We again invite the attention of those suffering from impaired hearing, or from cutaneous diseases, Rheumatism, &c., to the advertisement in another column, of Scarpa's Acoustic Oil," and the other remedies therein offered by Dr. Jackson. The Doctor is a regular physician of high standing, whom we have known for many years, and whom we believe fully capable of prescribing remedies for the diseases named, or almost any other in the catalogue of human physical ills.

BENEVOLENCE.

We do not think a person can evince a more benevolent spirit of character than being moved at the distress and sufferings of others, and furthermore, anxious to do all in his power to alleviate by every possible means human suffering. In this view of the case, we do not know how more humane and benevolent can do an action more in accordance with their philanthropic views, than by calling the attention of their afflicted friends and acquaintances to the fact, that *Dr. Seth S. Hance*, of 109 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., has discovered a preparation, which is put up in the form of a pill, that has a specific action for curing Epilepsy, or Falling Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all forms of nervous diseases. Among those who have been permanently cured, we might mention a member of the family of James H. Beadle, Huntingdon, Tennessee; Mr. M. P. Sledge, Cabin Point, Surry County, Va., and Mr. W. P. Ligon, Grenada, Mississippi. We might go on enumerating a number of others, until we had entirely filled up this column of our paper; but think we have said sufficient to satisfy every person whose subject under consideration is one of vital importance to every one. Reader! if you are a well man or woman, and have no need of a remedy, perhaps you have some person who is not equally blessed as yourself, so, cut out this notice, and send it to him or her. It may cost you but little trouble, and probably it will prove the instrumental in curing some poor, afflicted mortal of that dreadful visitation, Epilepsy, or falling sickness.

Dr. HANCE sends his pills by mail, free of postage, to any part of the world, on the receipt of a remittance. His price for one box, $1; two, $1; twelve, $21. We have given his address above.

DEAFNESS.—Prof. Chas. De Grath's "ELECTRIC OIL" is proved a wonderful remedy for Deafness, Ear Ache, Hardening in the Head, &c. It cured the wife of Mr. Williamson in one day, also the Ex-Mayor of Philadelphia by half a dozen applications. Principal office is No. 64th Street, below Chestnut, near the great Masonic Temple, Philada. The *genuine Electric Oil* has the fac-simile signatures of "*De Grath & Co.*" and "*A. De Grath*" on the wrapper.

To all who suffer from *Weakness and Debility*, we would say try the Oxygenated Bitters—a medicine entirely vegetable and contains no Alcohol, and has cured the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Asthma, and all derangements of the stomach.

WILKIN'S AMULET, invented by the celebrated surgeon, Dr. S. M. Elliott, of New York, (recipe obtained by him to M. Wilkin by the Doctor,) will cure Baldness, Cleanse and Cleanse the Hair. Price 50 cents. For sale by druggists and the Proprietors, 44 Maiden Lane, N. Y. feb23-3t

Extract from a letter from CONSUMPTION, OR COUGHS of any kind should use Expectorant. It is the most certain remedy in those diseases. The following certificates prove this:—

[illegible] HARDWICK, CALEDONIA Co., VT.

JAYNE & SON,

Gentlemen,—One year since I was induced by the physicians of this place to [illegible] but procured some of your Expectorant and Pills, by the use of which I was greatly relieved, have continued to improve, so much so that I am now enjoying excellent health. I would say further medicines are the only remedies I used.

Truly yours, JOSEPH HANCOCK.

APPETITE AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

[illegible], CRESCENT Co., TEXAS, Nov. 7th, 1853.

JAYNE & SON,

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to express the efficacy of your Alterative. My wife was afflicted with loss of appetite and general debility, and was in a helpless condition for several months previous to the use of our best physicians' advice. I finally concluded to try your MEDICINE. She used five bottles of it, and I am happy to say that her health has returned almost to the vigor of youth, and she considers that she owes it to your invaluable medicine.

Yours respectfully,

DAVID ELKINS.

The above mentioned remedies are prepared only by Dr. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and are for sale by druggists throughout the country. feb23 3t

AN INGENIOUS MECHANIC, Jacob J. Lowndes, so well known in this city, has invented a new PEN AND PENCIL CASE, which for elegance, durability and simplicity, excels everything of the kind we have seen. Made in gold and silver by WILMARTH CLUSSMAN & Co., 44 Maiden Lane, New York, and sold by all the principal Jewelers in this city. mh8-c3w1f

A PERFUMED BREATH.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath when by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year. FETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. jan31-ctw6m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. JOSEPH L. TRAVIS, to Miss MARGARET C. FORBES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Lewis, Mr. HIRAM WALKER, of Missouri, to Miss KATE SANFORD, of Hollowsburg, Philadelphia.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. M. R. Watkinson, Mr. ARNOLD H. TAYLOR, of the Trappe, Montgomery county, Pa., to Miss ANN D. BRINKHURST, of Schuylkill Falls, Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. W. D. Kurtz, Mr. JAMES HOUSTON, of this city, to Miss RACHEL M. LOCK, of Paulsboro', N. J.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. James T. Ward, Mr. F. T. FISHER, to Miss EMILY M. SHERWELL, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. George R. Chandler, Mr. DANIEL MORRIS, to Miss ELIZABETH STRUBEL.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN GILKS, to Miss HARRIET L. GWINN, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. De Anderson, Mr. EDWARD A. MORTON, of this city, to Miss SALLIE E. HOROSWORTHY, formerly of Milton.

On the 14th ultimo, at Temperanceville, Chester Township, Del. county, by Elder J. T. Thompson, of Philadelphia, Mr. LEWIS J. TRAINOR, to Miss MARTHA B. WEAVER, daughter of Wm. and Ann N. Weaver.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. JAMES MARSHALL, to Miss JANE CALDWELL, both of this city.

On the 3d of Jan. by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. THEODORE W. BERGNER, to SERENA M. daughter of J. N. Lang, both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. V. Ashton, Mr. HENRY CARSON, to Miss MARY A. WIRT, all of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM CHRISTMAN, to Miss EMMA GIBBS, both of this city.

At Spring Grove, near Port Deposit, on the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John Squires, WILLIAM TUSSEY, of Philadelphia, to MARY F. BELL, daughter of the late James Broughton, of Cecil county, Md.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Jermon, TAYLOR MEREDITH, of Kent county, Delaware, to Miss ANN TAYLOR, of Philadelphia.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, ALEXANDER YOUNG, Jr. to Miss M. A. MEALEY, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. James McCarter, Mr. JONATHAN WARD, to Miss RUTH A. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 20th of Dec. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. THOMAS C. BEHNE, to Miss ANNA M. FERNBRUGGER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Aston, Delaware county, Pa. on the 28th ult. JOSHUA, only son of David W. and Mary P. Eyre, aged 10 months.

On the 20th ult. Mrs. HANNAH, wife of Matthias Gilbert, aged 48 years.

On the 20th ult. CHARLES W. HIGBY, aged 36 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. FRANCIS E. CONDY, aged 63.

On the 26th ult. ALBERT MORTON, son of Richard and Rebecca Walmsley, aged 16 months.

On the 29th ult. THOMAS, son of Andrew and Martha Scanlan, aged 17 years.

On the 30th ult. Mr. JAMES CLEMENTS, aged 21 years and 11 months.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. MARGARET MARLOW, aged 56.

On the 30th ult. ANN GRAHAM, aged 56 years.

On the 27th ult. Miss HELEN MCMICHAN.

On the 26th ult. Mr. WILLIAM A. KINSLOE, aged 44.

On the 26th ult. WILLIAM JAMES, son of Edward Patton, aged 12 years.

On the 24th ult. HENRY MENGIN, aged 42 years.

On the 26th ult. Miss MARY PARKER, aged 18 years.

On the 25th ult. LEONARD HALLOT, son of Saml. B. and Lydia A. Burlock, aged 6 years.

On the 26th ult. at St. Joseph's Hospital, MARY MAYNE, aged 45 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. JANE, wife of Mr. Jas Bradley.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. KUNIGUNDA, wife of F. Conrad Schaffer, aged 70 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. HENRY RITTENHOUSE, Sr. aged 84 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. CHARITY LUND, aged 48 years.

On the 26th ult. LIZZIE, daughter of Aaron and Deborah B. Wood, aged 7 years.

On the 24th ult. CATHARINE, daughter of Sarah and the late Robert McCarren, aged 4 years.

On the 26th ult. Mr. J. FREDERICK SCHWARTZ, aged 47 years and 2 months.

On the 23th ult. ADA LOUISA, daughter of John and Mary A. Kensil, aged 3 years.

On the 2d th ultimo, CHRISTOPHER, son of Patrick and Ellen Doyle, aged 7 years and 6 months.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. MARY HATHAWAY.

On the 23th ult. ALICE PARKER, aged 21 years.

On the 26th ult. ANN R. daughter of Elijah and Rebecca Weaver.

On the 23th ult. WILLIAM J. DOVER, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 23d ultimo, EMMARALDA, daughter of Josiah and Emily Lapp, aged 3 years.

On the 23d ult. RALPH, son of James and Catharine Springer, aged 2 years.

On the 24th ult. CATHARINE, wife of William Hanna, aged 76 years.

On the 26th ult. JOHN LUDE, Printer, aged 68 years.

On the 23d ultimo, AMANDA A. daughter of Henry and Mary Thoman.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARGARET SINNER, aged 35.

On the 26th ult. ALEX. HEINELEY, aged 20 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. DAVID G. WILSON, aged 40 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH FITZPATRICK, aged 73.

On the 25th ult. ISABELLA, daughter of Saml. and Mary Dorsh, of Washington City, aged 2 years and 8 months.

AGENTS WANTED,

TO SELL FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Great inducements offered. For particulars, address mh8-2t D. H. MULFORD, 167 Broadway, N. Y.

OIL CLOTHS!

WAREHOUSE, 70 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. THOMAS POTTER, manufacturer. In store, and for sale at low rates to dealers:—

Floor Oil Cloths, in sheets, 12 and 18 feet.
Floor Oil Cloth, in sets, of 4, 5, 6, and 6-4 wide, to match.
Elastic Carriage Oil Cloth, enamelled and plain.
Table and Stair Oil Cloth.
Unequalled in finish, texture and style, warranted to stand any climate. mh8-3t

PHILADA., FEB. 26, 1856.—Mr. F. MAHAN,—Dear Sir: It gives me much pleasure to say I have used your system of Garment Cutting many years, to say that I approve of it—is not exactly my full meaning—it is the system of systems. Your reports of Fashions and Plates cannot be equalled for taste, elegance and accuracy. I confidently recommend them to the profession throughout the Union. Respectfully yours, &c.,

F. SARMIENTO, No. 136 Chestnut Street.
It Of the firm of Sarmiento, Albright & Co.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!

Profitable and Honorable Employment!!

THE subscriber is desirous of having an agent in each county and town of the Union. A capital of from $5 to $10 only will be required, and anything like an efficient, energetic man can make from three to five dollars per day; some of the Agents are realizing twice that sum. Every information will be given by addressing, with a stamp to pay return letter,

WM. A. KINSLER,
It Box 1,228 Philadelphia, Pa., Post Office.

SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL,

FOR the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the Discharge of Matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c., &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness.

☞ DR. JACKSON'S EMBROCATION.—Warranted to cure Piles, Tetter, Ring-Worm and all Diseases of the Skin.

☞ DR. JACKSON'S ANTI-RHEUMATIC PILLS, will most effectually cure Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and all diseases of the Nervous System. Persons from all sections of the country are sending for these Medicines.

As there is a counterfeit *Oil* in the market, be particular and buy of Louden & Co., No. 84 Arch Street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; J. D. Park, Cincinnati; H. Blakeley, St. Louis; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; G. H. Keyser, Pittsburg; F. Seumann, Chicago; Wilson, Fairbanks & Co., Hanover Street, Boston; W. F. Hagan, Troy, New York, and Barnes & Park, 301 Broadway, New York. It

DR. S. B. SMITH'S ELECTRO-CHEMICAL FLOAT BATH.—For the extraction of Mercury, and other deleterious minerals from the human body. The introduction of this mode of applying electrical power is but of a few months standing, and its success is unparalleled in the annals of medicine. New York, the seat of its introduction, is all emotion on the subject, and establishments are being fitted up for administering it on the most extensive scale. The cures effected are truly wonderful.—For Fever and Ague, and other Fevers, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Scrofula, Cutaneous Diseases, St. Vitus Dance, Lung Complaint, and various other diseases, it acts like a charm. The price of the whole, including an apparatus for demonstrating its power of extracting minerals, and of reducing compounds into their original elements is $50. All orders will be punctually executed. Payment can be made to any of our New York Express Agents, who are located in various alleys of the Union, to whom the apparatus can be sent, payable on delivery. Address

S. B. SMITH, Electro-Magnetist,
27 Canal Street, New York.

N. B. A pamphlet sent free to any one who may write for it. mar8-1t

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An Illustrated monthly, for *children*. Price 50 cents a year, in advance. *Specimen* copies sent free of charge, to all who request them. Address, post-paid,

LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT,
mh8-2t 98 South 3d St., Philadelphia.

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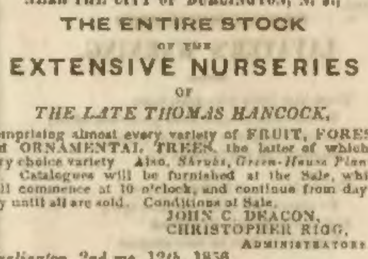

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In vain our kindred shores in part,
Are waves between us thrown;
The tide that warms a British heart,
Is that which fills your own.

No foeman rang'd on either beach
But like an angel stands,
To call new hopes from each to each,
And link our kindred bands.

No ship that sails from either shore,
Wafts to and fro it pales,
But wonders the thread of friendship o'er
The gulf that 'twixt us lies.

No pilgrims from our harbors part,
Or come with eager care,
But give you more of England's heart,
And more to us of yours.

No song that soothes our children's rest,
But unto yours is dear:
No lay that stirred our solid breast,
But yours have glowed to hear.

No flame that flashed on Britain's brow,
But gleams on yours alike;
Then, if ye can, abjure us now,
Forget it all—and strike!

—ERNEST JONES, *in an English Magazine.*

THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.—The following description of the idea and manners of the age of Queen Mary of England, we take from *Blackwood*. Read it, and say if you can, that the world has not advanced in morals and intelligence:

To give only one or two instances of the manners and ideas of the age of which Queen Mary's lot was cast. It is generally known that Henry VIII. put seventy-two thousand persons, of all religious persuasions, to death on the scaffold, during his single reign; but is it equally well known that his daughter Elizabeth had an array of three hundred heads of persons, convicted of high treason, placed on London Bridge, including those of her cousin and friend Norfolk, and her favorite romantic lover Essex; and so far from being shocked at the ghastly array, she took the foreign ambassador to see it, in order to show "how we serve traitors in England." Protestant historians have recounted with just indignation, that the bloody Mary cast two hundred and forty men, women and children into the flames during her brief and atrocious reign; but they have not equally prominently brought forward, that a greater number of Catholic priests and partizans were, by her Protestant successor, secretly racked to the utmost limits which human frame can endure, in that awful scene of human agony, the Tower of London.

After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the ladies of the Court of Paris went out to examine the long rows of the bodies of the Huguenot cavaliers who had been slain during the tumult, and curiously turned them over when half stripped of their garments, said to each other—"This must have been a charming lover; that was not worth looking at."

And when the fantastic assassin Ravillic was brought out into the Square of Louvre, to undergo during four hours the most frightful tortures which human ingenuity or malignity could devise, or humanity could endure, the whole ladies of the Court of Paris assembled to witness the spectacle, and as high prices were given for the best places on the street leading to St. Paul's, on the approaching occasion when the first and noblest of Britain attended her greatest hero to his last resting place.

It is, perhaps, the most difficult thing, in surveying the annals of the past, to bring ourselves to conceive how human beings could, in any age, under any circumstances, have been brought to lend themselves to such barbarities. But nothing is more certain than the greatest and best did so; they deemed that they were doing God's service when so engaged. Witness Sir Thomas Moore flogging a prisoner with his own hands in his garden, to convert him from heresy. If we are wise and just, we will judge of those who lived in those savage times according to the measure of the ideas with which they were surrounded, and not our own; and reflect with deeper thankfulness on our happier lot, when subjects are not called to undergo such sacrifices in their duty to their sovereign, and the Queen on the throne can exhibit the spirit of her Plantagenet forefathers, and the graces of her Stuart ancestors, without being exposed to the terrible trials which either underwent.

HUMAN DESPONDENCY AND ITS CAUSE.—The law of life is, in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread. No man can evade that law with impunity. Like all God's laws it is its own executioner. It has strange penalties annexed to it—would you know them? Go to the park, or the esplanade, or the solitude after the night of dissipation, and read the penalties of being useless, in the sad, jaded, listless countenances—nay, in the very trifles which must be contrived to create excitement artificially. Yet these very eyes could, dull as they are, beam with intelligence; on many of those brows is stamped the mark of possible nobility. The fact is, that the capacity of ennui is one of the signatures of man's immortality. It is his very greatness which makes inaction misery. If God had made us only to be insects, with no nobler care incumbent on us than the preservation of our lives, or the pursuit of happiness, we might be content to flutter from sweetness to sweetness, and from bud to flower. But if men with souls live only to eat and drink and be amused, is it any wonder if life be darkened with despondency?—*F. W. Robertson.*

POWER OF THE MOON AT NIGHT.—Mr. Crane, in his "Letters from the East," has observed:

"The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country, (Egypt,) is singularly injurious. The natives tell you, as I afterwards found they did in Arabia, to always cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange that the passage in the Psalms—'The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night,'—should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; a fact of which I had a very unpleasant proof one night, and took care to guard against afterwards. Indeed, the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be impaired or utterly destroyed."

UNPOPULAR TRUTHS.—It is a trying duty to speak plainly of wrong which good men perpetrate. It is very easy to cry out against crimes which the laws punish, and which popular opinion has branded with infamy. What is especially demanded of the Christian is, a faithful heart, and honest, generous testimony against enormities which are sanctioned by numbers and fashion and wealth, and especially by great and honored names, and which, thus sustained, lift up their heads to Heaven, and repay rebuke with menace and indignation.

LONDON WITH ITS VEIL DOWN---AS USUAL.

A French gentleman pays his first visit to England, and is shown the great metropolis. He is profoundly impressed by that "magnificent" avenue, Regent Street.

Wit and Humor.

AN INCIDENT.—At some of our restaurants a metal check very much like a quarter, is given by the customer, as a ticket of what he has to pay. A simple-minded Hibernian, who had just arrived in New York from Tipperary, going into one of the restaurants, called for dinner; when the waiter had brought it, he, as usual, laid down the metal counter. Paddy, astonished, said to himself:

"Be Jabers, this is the land for me; when a man asks for some dinner, they give him a bit of money to buy a sup of whiskey, into the bargain."

When he had swallowed his meal, the delighted Paddy was leaving, when he was stopped by the waiter with,

"Hallo! where's your money—are you going without paying?"

Paddy stopped, and taking the metal counter from his pocket, said,

"Botheration take ye all, ye spalpeens, why would ye be afther giving me a bit of money at all at all, if ye meant to take it away again. Take your dirty money! Perhaps ye'll be afther wishing me to return my dinner to ye again?"

So saying, he threw the metal ticket down on the counter, and marched off in a state of virtuous indignation.

THE BLARNEY STONE OF NEW ENGLAND.—Several years ago, a friend of ours delivered an excellent address, before the Pilgrim Society, in New York, in the course of which, as in duty bound, he said as much as was proper, and no more, about Plymouth Rock. When he sat down, a respectable Milesian gentleman, one of the guests, arose, and observed, that they also had, in Ireland, a rock, or stone, which was held in high estimation there, and which was well known as the *Blarney Stone*. This announcement was received with shouts of laughter, for there was scarcely a person present who did not suppose the statement to gush from the Irish fountain of fun. The orator of the day evidently under the impression, that the statement was a sheer pleasantry, at his expense, made rather a sharp rejoinder. The Irish gentleman, conscious of having stated nothing but the sober truth, was of course, greatly surprised.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WORD IN TIME.—"In the ——— Conference, when Elder P——— was Presiding Elder, there were three brothers, all preachers, and not generally considered very bright. One had been examined, and had gone out for the conference to pass upon him. Elder P———, as presiding officer, rose to give his opinion. "Brethren," said he, "these S———s, all of them, are well meaning men—they're good men—I they're good Christians; but there's no mistake about it, they're all of them got a very soft place in their heads somewhere." Turning his head a little, he met the indignant eyes of the two other brothers fastened full upon him. Without changing a muscle, he raised one hand to emphasize his words, and with a rather curious expression of countenance, he continued: "And to tell the truth about it, who ha'nt—who ha'nt?"

A DEAD MAN'S SPEECH.—"Here is a book containing a dead man's speech!" exclaimed a witty auctioneer to a gaping crowd. "What will you offer me for the dead man's speech? Who bids?" "Ten cents!"—"twenty!"—"thirty!"—thirty-five!"—and it was finally knocked off to a literary youth from the Emerald Isle, for half-a-dollar. He handed over the cash and received the book. After turning over the leaves, he loudly exclaimed, "Hallo, Mr. Auctioneer, I believe there is just a little bit of a mistake here. Sorrow a bit of a spache do I see at all!" "My good fellow," said the auctioneer, "I assure you that the book contains the whole of his speech, every word of it. So just put it in your pocket, and say no more about it." *It was a blank book!*

VERY LIKE JOHN BULL.—As the train from Albany one day last week, was approaching a village-station near Rochester, N. Y., the engine gave one of those long, loud shrieking whistles, in which it sometimes delights, as if in very wantonness of power.

"Here we are!" exclaimed a round-faced, rosy "John Bull," who was destined for Rochester, and supposed he had arrived, proceeded to the door of the car to disembark. But finding his mistake, he returned to his seat, remarking, with perfect gravity, and in a tone that was heard throughout the car—"Well—its really very bold! I thought they only gave the big whistles at the large towns!" Wasn't that Johnny, all over?

RAILROAD ANECDOTE.—During one of the late detentions, owing to the snow, one traveller said to another:—"You don't seem to mind this detention and annoyance?"

"Speaking to me, sir?" said the person addressed, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What's the use of minding it; can't be helped. I ought to have been home last Saturday, and should have been—but I stopped to buy a pair of boots; and I am deuced sorry, now, that I didn't get them a size larger, for Tommy will be a big boy before I get home, at this rate."

Agricultural.

CORPORATE FARMING.—Under the auspices of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, a corporate company has been organized with a joint stock capital of $20,000, paid in by twenty gentlemen who hold shares of $1,000 each. The purpose is to commence farming on a large scale. To this end an agent of the company has selected about 8,000 acres of land for the company at government prices, in Iowa, about one hundred and twenty five miles due west from Dubuque, and four miles north of the proposed route of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, now under construction. It is meadow land and rolling prairie in suitable proportions, well watered with springs and streams, and having in the centre a fine grove of two hundred acres in extent, situated on high ground, overlooking the surrounding country for many miles. Five thousand acres have been set apart for the main farm, and in the spring tenants will be sent there to break up a strip 16 feet wide around the entire tract, together with subdivisions to the extent, probably, of from fifteen to twenty miles, preparatory to hedging. The land will be prepared and grain sown the coming season, there being abundance of limestone on the spot in quarries, for which lime for fertilizing may be obtained. During the season stone for building purposes will also be quarried, and in a year from the coming spring the experiment will be commenced in full.

IMPROVEMENT IN REAPING MACHINES.—By Alex. H. Caryl, of Sandusky, Ohio.—This improvement relates to the raking apparatus of reaping machines. The platform is composed of wooden slats, slightly separated. The rake teeth project up through the slats, and the head to which the teeth are attached is moved back and forth beneath the platform, by means of peculiar mechanism. The teeth, in their forward movement, project through the slats, and sweep the straw that may have accumulated on the platform off on to the ground. On their return movement, the rake teeth turn down below the slats, so as not to touch the straw, but they suddenly rise again when the forward movement commences. This sudden rise and fall of the rake teeth is accomplished by means of a weight, which is alternately wound up and discharged by the movement of the machine. This is a good improvement.—*Scientific American.*

LOOK TO YOUR PEAR TREES!—Persons cultivating dwarf pears, or other low trees, shrubbery or evergreens, must have an eye to them—and a shovel, too—when the great body of snow now lying on the ground, begins to thaw. It will settle about the tender twigs during the day, and freeze them at night, but the earth being warm and the process of thawing and settling still going on, will drag down the smaller branches and break them off where they unite with the main stem. So it will be with raspberry and blackberry canes, and even currant and gooseberry bushes. As soon therefore as a thaw commences, the snow should be carefully shovelled away from the plants so as to relieve their branches. In neglect of this, we have known some of the finest young fruit trees and shrubs of our gardens utterly ruined.

FIGS.—The Norfolk Argus states that not more than about twenty-five per cent. of the fig crop in that vicinity came to maturity, and assigns the yellow fever that prevailed there during the summer as the cause. It says:

"A large portion of every kind, except a small variety called the 'Celestial Fig,' exhibited signs of decay before they were fully ripe. A small soft spot was first observed, generally on the spot toward and nearest the ground. This increased rapidly until the whole fig was a mass of very offensive and disgusting putrid matter. It may be worthy of note, too, that portions of the leaves on some of the shade trees changed to a dark color and withered as early as the middle of September."

TO DRY COWS.—In answer to the inquiry in the October number, I would give the following method of drying cows, and which I have practiced with success in weaning colts. Milk only for two or three times, and each time take hog lard, as hot as you can bear it, and rub it on the bag. If this is well done a few times, the cow or mare will go perfectly dry, without leaving any hard lumps in the bag, or injuring the animal in any way.—H. R., *Mercer Co., Pa.*

[The lard acts only as an emollient. It is imperfect milking, or drawing out only a portion of the milk, and at long intervals, which checks the secretion, and soon causes the milk to cease altogether.]—ED. *Genesee Farmer.*

PROFITABLE WOOL GROWING.—Robert A. Barrows, of Mansfield, raised this year thirty-five lambs from twenty-one ewes. Among the number are fourteen pair of twins, weighing nearly one hundred pounds to the pair. The wool has just been taken from the ewes, averaging three pounds six ounces per head. The sheep are a cross of native with south-down breed. Mr. Barrows has bargained the twenty-five lambs to a Providence butcher for $120. He takes excellent care of his flock, keeping them always in good order, by which he seldom loses a lamb.

THE VALUE OF LANDS.—Articles on the value of farm lands and of city real estate, fall under our eye in exchanges from the West and South. Some facts which they relate are suggestive:

A farmer in Peoria county, Ill., living upon a rented farm for which he paid $226 per annum, did his work himself, kept a team of horse, paid his rent, supported his family, and cleared $1,000 last year. Another farmer, in Pike county harvested 3,000 bushels of Wheat from a single field; hired everything done, and cleared $2,000. An acquaintance of this man, residing in the same county, emigrated to that section a few years since with nothing save his health and a pair of willing hands, and last year sold farm produce to the amount of $17,000. His pig pen contains 481 fat hogs, averaging 350 pounds each. Another farmer in Morgan county sold $60,000 worth of cattle last year, and cleared a pretty penny from the sales. At Blooming Grove, N. Y., farmer was offered his board and a dollar a day, the year round, to induce him to emigrate to Illinois. A number of Orange county people have left New York within a year to seek their fortune in Ohio, Illinois and Minnesota. Some are mechanics, some farmers, and all were doing well when last heard from. And the "shakes" have not yet troubled them.

GROUND AND UNGROUND FEED.—Those experienced and skillful farmers, the Lebanon (N. H.) Shakers, state that more than thirty years' practice leads them to estimate ground corn at one-third higher than unground, as food for cattle, and especially for fattening pork. The same experience also induces them to put a higher value upon cooked than upon raw meal; and for fattening animals, swine particularly, they consider three of cooked equal to four bushels of raw meal. Until within the last three or four years they have fattened annually, for thirty years, 40,000 to 50,000 pounds of pork, exclusive of lard and offal fat; and their constant habit has been to cook the meal.

SUFFOLK HOGS IN OHIO.—A gentleman from Ohio, who has kept, and we believe still keeps, Suffolk hogs, expressed, in a recent conversation with us, his conviction that they are too small and too tender for Northern Ohio. A larger, coarser, and hardier breed, he thinks, is more profitable. The Suffolks are favorites with us, and we were sorry to hear it honestly affirmed, by one whose opinion is entitled to consideration, that the introduction of this breed had been, and would be a serious injury to the farmers of Ohio.—*Genesee Farmer.*

MANGE IN CATTLE.—The Boston Cultivator says: "The disorder termed the mange arises from the excitement of the skin, probably brought on by disarrangement of the organs of digestion in consequence of poverty engendered by hunger and want of shelter. After these are supplied, a wash made of gunpowder and water—charcoal, nitre, and sulphur—will be found a valuable application. Mange is an infectious disorder; remove therefore the sick beast from the rest of the herd."

SWEET POTATOES.—Messrs. Mabee & McGowan, of Alton, Illinois, engaged in the cultivation of sweet potatoes, published an account of their profits during the past season. They planted twelve acres of potatoes, the expenses of which, delivered in market, were $187 50. The total amount of sales was $2,200, leaving $2,012 50 for net profits. This gives an average profit of $167 70 per acre.—*New Jersey Farmer.*

TO CLEAN DOGS.—Mr. Baillie, trainer to Lord Sefton, recommends a liquor made from soft soap and soda for cleaning dogs. He says, it not only cleans the skins of the dogs, but it kills every flea it comes in contact with.—*Farmers' Journal.*

LAVATER'S WARNING.

Trust him little who doth raise
To the same height both great and small,
And sets the sacred crown of praise,
Smiling, on the head of all.

Trust him less who looks around
To censure all with scornful eyes,
And in everything has found
Something that he dare despise.

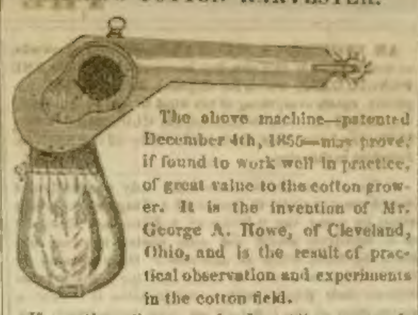
But for one who stands apart,
Stirr'd by nought that can befall,
With a cold indifferent heart,
Trust him least and last of all.

THE LADIES' LAW OF LEAP-YEAR.—It may, perhaps, be interesting to all young ladies who are not already aware of the important fact, that leap-year empowers them to do something more than "pop the question." I am informed, by a fair friend, that, if in the course of the ensuing year of 1856—which is leap-year—she should so far forget herself as to suggest a union between herself and a bachelor acquaintance, who should be uncivil enough to decline her proposal, she could thereupon demand from him the gift of a new silk dress. But to claim this dress with propriety, she must, at the time of asking, be the wearer of a scarlet petticoat; which, or the lower portion of which, she must exhibit to the gentleman, who, by the law of leap-year, is compelled to present to the lady the dress that shall cover the petticoat, and assuage her displeasure at the rejection of her proposals. This item of feminine folk lore may prove exceedingly useful to the male readers of *Notes and Queries*, in putting them upon their guard during the forthcoming leap-year. For, it is not, probably, without a determined significancy, that the wearing of scarlet petticoats is made one of the chief novelties in ladies' dresses for this winter season. Indeed, it may reasonably be inferred, that the ladies' law of leap-year is about to be inflicted upon the gentlemen in its most expensive silk-dress form; and that the assumption of these scarlet petticoats is merely the initiatory step to a sterner process.—*Notes and Queries.*

NEEDLEWORK.—Ladies are, I think, very fortunate in having a resource in work at a time when the mind rejects intellectual amusement.—Men have no resource but striding up and down the room, like a bird that beats itself to pieces against the bars of its cage; whereas needlework is a sort of sedative, too mechanical to worry the mind by distracting it from the points on which its musings turn, yet gradually assisting it in regaining steadiness and composure; for so curiously are our bodies and minds linked together, that the regular and constant employment of the body on any process, however dull and uniform, has the effect of tranquillizing, where it cannot disarm, the feelings of the mind.—*Lockhart.*

CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent English physician, says: "If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night, except when raining or mid-winter; then I would sleep in an unplastered log-house." He says that consumptives want air, not physic—pure air, not medicated air—plenty of meat and bread." "Physic has no nutriment, gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you."

HOWE'S COTTON HARVESTER.



The above machine—patented December 4th, 1855—may prove, if found to work well in practice, of great value to the cotton grower. It is the invention of Mr. George A. Howe, of Cleveland, Ohio, and is the result of practical observation and experiments in the cotton field.

Harvesting the crop is the cotton grower's greatest difficulty. Harvest time is his crisis of labor for the year. The bolls of cotton in a given field, do not all ripen and open at once, but continuously from about August 1st to January 1st.

As fast, however, as the bolls open and are exposed to the weather, they must be picked. It often times happens that the supply of labor is wholly inadequate to secure the crop, even though every available hand is mustered into service.

This improvement, it is believed, will enable one field hand to pick more cotton than five to eight hands by the old method. Another advantage claimed to belong to this improvement is, that it leaves the cotton in better condition than that picked by hand.

The machine is simple in its structure, and not liable, it is said, to get out of order, being composed of gearing, and an endless revolving chain, the whole weighing less than six pounds.

It is suspended from the right side of the person by a strap passing over the shoulder, and is kept in motion by means of a lever or crank operated by the hand or fingers. By presenting the tubular point to the cotton ball, it is immediately seized by the chain and conveyed to the opposite end, where it is freed by means of a stripper, and deposited in a bag suspended at the bottom. The bag is rapidly filled and emptied. For any information in regard to the Harvester, address George A. Howe, the inventor, Cleveland, Ohio.

Useful Receipts.

IMPROVEMENT IN SOAP.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting in soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of a pound of borax to a pound of soap, melted without boiling, makes a saving of one half in the cost of soap, and of three-fourths the labor of washing, improves the whiteness of the fabrics, besides the usual caustic effect is thus removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.

TO PRESERVE LARD SWEET.—Instead of putting it into large vessels, put it in stone crocks, or jars, of from one to four gallons each; when cooling or thickening, put in your salt, which will mix through the lard, instead of settling on the bottom of the crock. The next day take clean bits of cotton cloth, rather larger than the top of the vessel, and after putting it smoothly down, and pressing the edges snugly around so as to exclude all air, pack in a close layer of salt, then lay over another piece of cotton cloth and turn over it a plate or a cover which will fit tightly,—then tie over two thicknesses of paper, and set it in a cool dry place. In this way I have kept lard perfectly sweet eighteen months. Crocks of butter should be kept in the same way.—*Cor. of Michigan Farmer.*

SOLIDIFIED MILK.—This is made by adding to 112 pounds of fresh milk 28 pounds of white sugar, and a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda. It is then evaporated in a water-bath at a moderate temperature, being stirred and agitated all the while, but so moderately as to avoid churning. In three hours it assumes a pasty consistency, and by constant manipulation and warming, it is reduced to a rich, creamy-looking powder. It is then exposed to the air to cool, weighed into parcels of a pound each, and pressed into a brick-shaped tablet, which is covered with tin foil. This will keep for any length of time, and may be grated and dissolved in water for use, answering all the purposes of ordinary milk, even to the making of butter. Our ships and steamers will find this solidified milk convenient and economical, and it may come into general use in cities. It is particularly convenient for use in sick rooms and hospitals.—*Memphis Medical Recorder.*

VINEGAR.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator proposes the following method, by which he thinks the best vinegar can be procured at a trifling expense:—The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise with little cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made up elder wine. First, wash and grate the beets, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in any other way which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into a barrel; cover the bung with gauze and set it in the sun, and in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar can be obtained without any great trouble; and I hope all who like good vinegar will try it.

TO KEEP FRESH MEAT IN SUMMER.—Put the meat into a stone jar, and cover it with sour milk. By changing the milk once or twice, it will keep a week or more. Before cooking, wash the milk from the meat, and lay it in a little soda water a few minutes. It will make it very tender.

PLUM PUDDING.—Take one pound each of flour, beef suet, sugar, currants and raisins; four eggs, one pint of milk, spice to the taste; tie in a bag—allow no room for swelling, and boil four hours. This rule is from an English family.

NERVE AND BONE LINIMENT.—Take one ounce spirits of turpentine, half a pint of brandy, and one gill of neatsfoot oil; simmer over a fire till mixed, then bottle it for use.

BLACKING FOR SHOES.—Three ounces ivory black, two ounces molasses, a tablespoonful sweet oil, one ounce vitriol, one ounce of gum arabic, and one pint vinegar.

TO WHITEN TEETH.—Mix honey with fine dry powdered charcoal and use the paste as a dentrifice.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—Many of the preparations for removing ink spots take out the color as well—the following is a perfectly harmless one: To half an ounce of oxalic acid put a fluid ounce of distilled water, when nearly dissolved add half an ounce of citric acid; this will be a saturated solution, and will take out ink without injuring or discoloring the substance, whether it be cloth, silk, &c.

CEMENTS.—To fasten small shells on ornamental work, use either of the following cements: 1. Dissolve shellac in enough rectified spirit to make a liquid of the consistence of treacle. 2. Finely-powdered plaster of Paris made into a cream with water.

VARNISH FOR PICTURES.—White of egg, beaten up, makes a good varnish for water color pictures; it must be carefully laid on with a large camel's-hair brush.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 73 letters.
My 31, 61, 57, 51, 73, was a celebrated English poet.
My 54, 6, 68, 19, 70, 25, 5, 65, 2, 17, was a novelist.
My 10, 16, 21, 72, 31, 23, an English poetess.
My 1, 75, 27, 42, 61, 13, 54, 48, 36, is a novelist.
My 41, 66, 4, 11, 62, 40, 24, 12, 15, 31, is a poet.
My 67, 37, 61, 59, 77, 72, 22, 50, 60, is a French novelist.
My 69, 63, 11, 81, 47, 53, 73, 01, is an American poetess.
My 74, 70, 18, 40, 82, 79, 39, 01, 29, is a novelist.
My 16, 64, 35, 28, 63, 20, 15, 11, 9, 7, was a poet.
My 39, 54, 80, 4, 23, 01, 46, 17, is a novelist.
My 01, 50, 66, 61, 05, 41, 87, 10, 61, 40, was a poetess.
My 68, 13, 80, 09, is an American novelist.
My 22, 33, 25, 57, 29, 60, 59, 03, is an American poet.
My 07, 28, 30, 91, 32, 37, 81, is an American authoress.
My 8, 32, 89, 52, 76, 73, 55, 18 an English novelist.
My 45, 02, 66, 85, 12, was an English authoress.
My 10, 39, 12, 53, 03, 63, 72, 73, is an English novelist.
My 58, 78, 27, 75, is an American poet.
My 44, 33, 15, 53, 86, 80, 70, 63, 41, is a novelist.
My 85, 37, 72, 24, an English poet.
My 89, 09, 4, 84, an English novelist.
My whole was an important event, shortly after the commencement of the Christian era. CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.
My 22, 8, 25, 43, 13, was an ancient lawgiver.
My 23, 21, 26, 11, 40, 19, 7, 42, is the name of an editor.
My 2, 58, 41, 19, 4, 31, 28, 20, 32, 33, 12, was a philosopher.
My 3, 7, 32, 25, 29, is a blessing to mankind.
My 6, 44, 27, 16, 10, we should all have.
My 23, 37, 31, 18, 43, 44, was a President of the United States.
My 3, 10, 33, 15, 24, is a game at cards.
My 9, 36, 16, 20, 17, 8, is a disease of the skin.
My 14, 39, 46, 41, is a disease of the skin.
My 26, 7, 38, 40, is the opposite of my 5, 27, 42, 16.
My 1, 2, 6, is a small insect.
My 35, 30, 34, are indispensable to society.
My 20, 25, 10, 2, 21, 15, is a village of Kentucky.
My whole is what all should do if they would be happy. "EDGAR"
Lexington, Ky.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 28, 37, 54, 43, 31, 43, is a State of South America.
My 39, 41, 6, 46, 10, 15, 51, is a city in Michigan.
My 6, 25, 40, 15, 44, is the capital of Sardinia.
My 12, 16, 46, 41, 51, 10, is a town in Italy.
My 15, 49, 15, 27, 36, is a sea in Europe.
My 4, 8, 37, 41, is a ridge of mountains running through Virginia.
My 19, 25, 15, 16, is a river in the United States.
My 4, 12, 50, 7, 22, 32, is a town in Tennessee.
My 38, 19, 37, 40, 46, is a town in France.
My 12, 15, 27, 4, 10, 16, is the capital of Portugal.
My 40, 30, 23, 39, 41, 46, is an island in Asia.
My 5, 31, 42, 47, 46, is a range of mountains in South America.
My 1, 19, 26, 45, 10, 35, is a town in Chinese Tartary.
My 16, 40, 15, 3, 21, 42, 12, 52, is a cluster of islands in Oceanica.
My 26, 40, 9, 44, 32, 19, 20, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 17, 28, 44, 30, 20, 5, is a city of Italy.
My 33, 40, 15, 36, is a lake in the United States.
My 48, 49, 40, 24, 36, 44, 16, 9, 27, is a town in Vermont.
My 4, 15, 12, 22, 14, 54, is a town in Mississippi.
My 21, 5, 15, 40, 53, 34, 41, 12, 30, is a town in Iowa.
My 55, 15, 8, 7, 22, 40, 53, 5, is a town in Spain.
My whole is a battle of the Revolution and where fought. R DE HAVEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you do 'most every day,
Unless, alas! you're blind.
My next abounds in sea and bay—
A fish—a dainty kind.
My third's a word which I dare say
In every book you'll find.
My fourth—you'll guess it right away,
(Provided you're inclined,)
'Tis wherein all your senses lay—
Whence generates your mind.
My whole's the place—(can't tell me, pray,
What is it, reader, kind?)
Of many a long and bloody fray,
Where loud the trumpets wind—
Where many a soldier bit the clay,
For whom fond mothers pined.
GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Erase my 2, 5, 7, and 1 become an article often used by ladies.
Erase my 1, 5, 6, and 1 become an animal.
Erase my 1, 3, 4, 7, and 1 become a verb.
Erase my 2, 5, 6, and 1 become anxious, or solicitous.
My whole is often seen in the Post.
Sligo, Kentucky. J. N. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is desired by all;
A vowel is my second;
And now would you know my whole—
'Tis what many are reckoned.
Stattonville, Pa. CLINT.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a level field there stands a round pole 100 feet h and 1 foot in diameter, to the top of which is attache rope 100 yards long. How far far will a person walk, winding the rope on the pole by taking the loose e keeping it stretched, and 6 feet from the ground all time? An answer is requested.
Strasburg, Penn. T. W. HER

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have forty pounds of lead which I wish to divide in four weights, so that I can weigh any number of pound from one to forty. What will be the weight of each?
Middletown.

EXAMINATION OF THE ALPHABET.

Which are the most industrious letters? The Bees.
Which are the most extensive letters? The Seas.
Which are the most fond of comfort? The Ease.
Which are the most egotistical letters? The I's.
Which are the noisiest letters? The J's.
Which are the longest letters? The Ells.
Which are the poorest letters? The O's.
Which are the leguminous letters? The Peas.
Which are the greatest bores? The Tees.
Which are the sensible letters? The Y's.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ASTRONOMICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—"Cæsar had his Brutus;" Charles the First Cromwell;" and George the Third may profit by example. If this be treason, make the most of BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Encyclopædia Americana. CHARADE.—Dreland. CHARADE.—Ox-Eye. ANAGRAM.—Armed ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—A had $7, B $3, C $5.

☞ One of our correspondents, "T. B.," differs "Clint" with regard to the answer to his Philosophical Problem (published Feb. 2nd). After making an allowance for the time taken by the sound to reach the ear the pebble strikes the water, he makes the difference the depth of the two wells only 80 feet.

A GREEK SURPRISE.—A Greek, an officer was waltzing one evening with a lady, whose bracelet became unfastened; she gave it him to take care of; he put it in his pocket. The waltz over, the lady remembered her bracelet. "With a Greek," she said to herself, "one must take precautions;" and politely asked for her bracelet; it was a trifle worth eight or nine hundred francs. The officer, thus addressed, expressed a profound astonishment: "I had hoped," said he, "that you would have allowed me to keep the souvenir of you."